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Automated War in Indochina *William Haseltine*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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A Journal of Politics and the Arts – October 16, 1971, 50 cents

Fall Book Number

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Malamud – *Jonathan Yardley*

Richard Condon – *Reed Whittemore*

*and . . . reviews and poems by John Seelye
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Ken Bode on Blacks in '72

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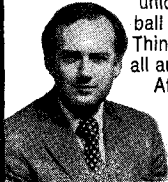
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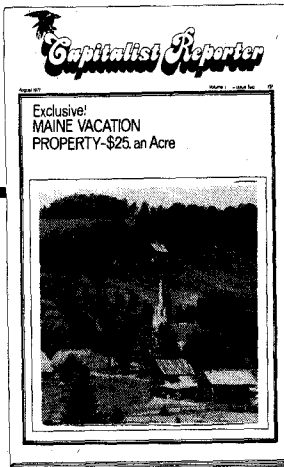
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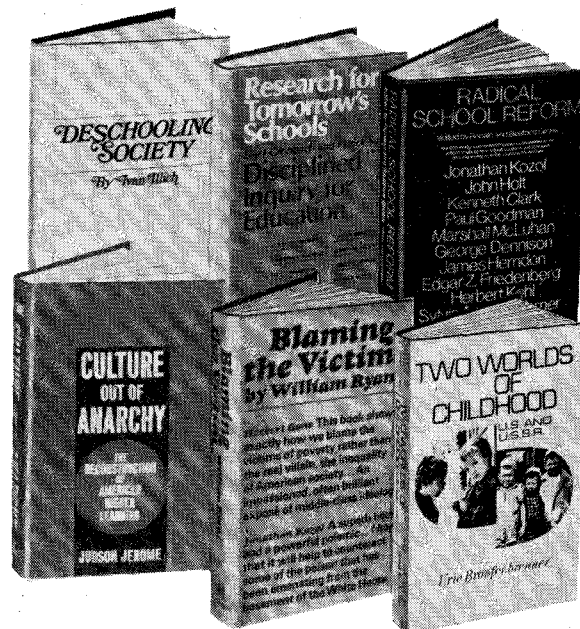
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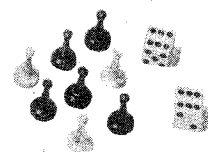
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Ghosts

Fancy my surprise at meeting Reed Smoot in the Capitol last week. I mean Senator Smoot, co-author of the Smoot-Hawley tariff. I had been thinking about Mr. Nixon's recent speeches, and how foreign speculators are mistreating poor little America (with one hand tied behind its back), and about the theme that is recently bobbing up in White House talks about the decay of the work ethic and the decline of the Roman empire.

Also, on the way through the crypt of the Capitol, I passed that extraordinary sculpture, "The Suffrage Movement" in which Elizabeth Cady Stanton in curl papers, Susan B. Anthony and Lucretia Mott are maintaining formidable composure while emerging from the waves, or stuck in concrete (I can never be sure which). It put me in a nostalgic mood. And then on that back stairway to the Senate I saw the familiar figure coming down.

His face was lean and humorless and spectacled, and he had the awesome respectability of a man who owns woolen mills, and lumber yards, and is president of two banks, and is also a pillar of the Old Guard, and simultaneously an Apostle.

Yes, the Utah legislature picked him as the first Mormon to come to the Senate and though Democrats tried to block him he was seated, 51 to 37. The Church had dropped Brigham Young's exhortation, "The only men who become Gods, even the sons of God, are those who enter into polygamy." Senator Smoot had one wife. But if he had 20 it would have been eminently respectable. He had also an encyclopedic mind, little gift of speech, and a tremendous, yes, a spiritual, affinity for the work ethic.

"Well, young man," he said, surveying me. I looked around. Apparently he meant me.

"Yes," I stammered. "Your - ah -

your tariff bill doing okay?"

"I think, young man," he repeated, "I think we will have no difficulty. We are aided by the business slump. I have no doubt it will soon blow away, as soon as Wall Street comes to its senses. There was that, well, crash, last November. But I think 1930 will be a good year, and 1931 a very good year."

"I seem to remember those words," I said.

"Yes," he said without heeding. "In a slump there is unfortunately unemployment. Very largely, you will find, it is due to exorbitant demands of selfish workers. American labor requires protection from low-paid foreign competitors. Yes, farmers are in trouble, too, particularly the beet farmers of my state of Utah. America cannot..."

"...cannot compete with one hand tied behind its back," I suggested.

He looked at me sharply. "Sir," he asked, "are you being flippancy?"

"Oh dear me; oh dear no!" I said, hastily changing the subject: "Are you getting plenty of support from the White House?"

"President Hoover," he said firmly, "believes the time has come to give the farmers tariff protection. It was Borah's idea originally."

"Bill Borah? Oh, you mean that, ah, son of the wild jackass?" I asked.

His severe face relaxed for a second. "You know that phrase, do you? Borah, you know, is a man who is always winding himself up but who never strikes twelve! He wanted aid for farm products. Fortunately we have as President a man, a great engineer, who declares that 'the sole function of government is to bring about a condition of affairs favorable to the beneficial development of private enterprise.'"

The senator took off his glasses and wiped them with a gesture that was almost reverential.

"Aren't you afraid - well, won't there be a world trade war?" I suggested.

"Sir," said the senator, "America has borne the principal burden of free world defense, of foreign aid, of helping old nations back onto their feet. They owe us money. They must compete fairly."

"But how are they going to pay over a tariff wall?" I asked.

"That is for them to decide. We have generously passed out the chips. The time has passed for the US to compete with only one hand. Remember, sir, this is the modern world; this is 1930.

Our Republican leader James Watson predicts this tariff will put the nation "on the upgrade, financially, economically, commercially, within 30 days."

"Thirty? I thought it was sixty days. But never mind that! You are proposing the highest tariff in history, that raises individual rates on 925 manufactured goods and 75 farm products. Wouldn't it be easier, sir (and this is just a suggestion) to put a flat 10 percent surcharge on everything; I mean, all at one crack, sir - just cover the waterfront?"

His eyes positively glittered. Then he sighed. "A simply magnificent concept," he said, breathing heavily. "Alas, the American people would never consider that, I fear. But I see I have underestimated you, young man. A magnificent concept!"

"Oh, the surcharge wasn't my idea," I said modestly. An old memory suddenly occurred to me. "Mr. Smoot, would you mind telling me if you expect to block that amendment removing the customs bureau authority to blacklist obscene books?"

His formidable jaw closed. "You mean *Lady Chatterly's Lover*? I tried to get a secret session of the Senate to read these damnable books! We will never permit them to enter! I marked the lascivious passages in red. I regret that senators borrowed the books and regarded the episode with unseemly levity."

I was wisely silent, but I recalled something from Ogden Nash at the time, "Smite smut, Smoot!" and further adjuring him, "Smoot of Ute, do your duty!" It was a discordant thought. When I looked up he was gone.

An odd encounter, wasn't it? I searched out the facts. Yes, the country was going through a bad business time. There was great disparity of wealth, but nobody bothered much. The Brookings Institution reported that 1 percent of the people owned 59 percent of the national wealth; at the other end of the scale 87 percent of the people owned only 8 percent. To cure unemployment the nation reached for the tariff bottle. One thousand economists, led by Paul Douglas, warned against this. Two years after Smoot-Hawley, 25 countries had passed retaliatory tariffs, world trade withered, nation was set against nation, unemployment doubled and America's economy sank.

And so, at the next election the venerable Smoot, after 30 years of service, along with Herbert Hoover and GOP leaders, was swept out of office.

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Paying to Get Elected

Listen to an authority on money in politics. He's Senator Russell Long of Louisiana, who knows how oil money flows on Capitol Hill: "The government pays out many billions of dollars in unnecessarily high interest rates; it permits private monopoly patents on over \$12 billion of government research money annually; it permits billions of dollars of government money to remain on deposit in banks without collecting interest; it permits overcharging by many concerns selling services to the government; it tolerates all sorts of tax favoritism; it fails to move to protect public health from a number of obvious hazards; it permits monopolies to victimize the public in a number of inexcusable ways; it provides for too much tariff protection to some industries and too little to others. Many of these evils are built-in effects of American government resulting from the way we finance our political campaigns." And do we finance them! \$59.2 million went into TV and radio alone in 1970; in 1952, total campaign expenditures were \$23 million. In seven of the largest states in '70, 11 out of 15 candidates for the US Senate were millionaires. What else? It takes colossal faith and fortitude for an honest man or woman of modest means and no rich friends to run for any important office.

What's to be done? The Republicans, by and large, don't want much of anything done. The Democrats are not of a single mind on this or any other subject. Most members of Congress favor "reform," but the only reforms they agree upon turn out to be more loophole than law. Congress passed a Corrupt Practices Act back in 1925, and the holes in that make Swiss cheese look like a brick wall. Corporations and labor unions are prohibited from contributing to candidates for federal office, but they do one way or another. Individual contributions are supposed to be limited to \$5000 and campaign expenditures to \$5000 per congressional candidate and \$25,000 per Senate candidate, but unlimited dummy committees can be set up to receive and transmit contributions. Thus the officers of a corporation can contribute to a candidate or party via a multiplicity of "fronts"; likewise COPE can take money from unions and relay it to candidates directly or via a Committee for Better Government, or whatever, which in turn distributes it. The 1925 law requires candidates to reveal the source of their campaign funds. Some do - after the election, in six-point type, somewhere - but not necessarily in the state where the

money was spent. The "reform" bill that recently passed the Senate and is being chewed over in the House strengthens the disclosure requirements, and it puts a ceiling on the amount (10 cents per eligible voter) candidates for federal office can spend on media advertising; but it's miles from being the "stunning reform victory" it has been called by the Committee for an Effective Congress.

Some have proposed that all private money be gotten out of politics and campaigns funded solely from taxes. The proposal is unworkable and unjust; unworkable because when there are politicians who want money and people eager to give it, human ingenuity will find a way; unjust because one ought to have the right though not an unlimited right, to help a politician or a party of one's choice. Shifting some of the burden of campaign costs from the private to the public sector is a good idea, however, and has been recommended in one form or another by Theodore Roosevelt, Lyndon Johnson, Robert Kennedy and a host of others. In 1966, Senator Long stuck onto a tax law a provision allowing voters to allocate one dollar of their income tax return to a presidential campaign fund, which would be divided among the major party candidates. That check-off system was subsequently made inoperative, but it stimulated senators to come up with alternatives, from tax credits for small political contributions to direct appropriations for candidates' expenses.

No plan for partial public financing or for plugging loopholes in present laws will eliminate all inequalities, give incumbents and challengers an even break, or eradicate corruption and influence-peddling. What seems plain is that the practicality of any reform is in inverse ratio to its complexity; the more elaborate the reform the more likely it is to spring leaks. A few simple changes would do. First, the amount of allowed, paid radio and TV time could be drastically restricted; TV is where money talks and political images are made. Congress could also instruct the Federal Communications Commission to devise a formula under which all candidates for federal office would be entitled to some free radio and television time during a fairly brief period before primaries and the general elections. The amount obviously would have to be apportioned in accordance with the importance of the office, the number of candidates, and the number of hours of political talk that could be made available without driving an entertainment-hungry electorate up the wall. Congress in addition could and should place an absolute ceiling on the money anyone can contribute to politics in any year, no matter to whom or what; five thousand dollars per person would be reasonable. Political "loans" should be outlawed; they are rarely repaid; they are a scandal. And for federal offices at least, some modest public financing of campaigns should be authorized, whether through tax credits or general appropriations to the parties.

Beggar My Neighbor

The meeting of the International Monetary Fund ended late last month, the conflict of chauvinisms having been buttered over by diplomacy. To be sure, the fund's suave director, Pierre-Paul Schweitzer, was able to announce four "constructive conclusions," but they amounted to a listing of the problems still on the agenda. The principal long-run problem is to refashion the international monetary system, phasing out gold as an international reserve and establishing in its place a purely paper currency under the aegis of the IMF, a currency that can be controlled flexibly in accord with the requirements of foreign trade. An additional need is to permit exchange rates among the world's monetary units to fluctuate freely over a wider range than has been permitted in the past.

With the boom in world trade since the end of World War II, it has been progressively more apparent that the supply of gold is much too small to serve as a satisfactory international reserve—even when supplemented by the international use of dollars and by the limited provisions of the IMF Special Drawing Rights. Shifts in the pattern of trade have left one nation after the other unable to meet its international obligations and plunged it into financial crisis—Great Britain and France on several occasions, nearly every other country of Europe at least once, many smaller nations, and now the US, which has had a deficit in its international accounts in every year but one since 1958.

President Nixon was right to order on August 15 that the international convertibility of the dollar into gold be ended. The amount of dollars now held by foreigners exceeds our gold supply several times. Moreover, virtually all finance ministers and independent experts agree that the phasing out of gold is long overdue. The administration's request that America's trading partners agree to float their currencies against the dollar was equally reasonable, for it would allow exchange rates to find their true market value without interference, thus effectively devaluing the dollar.

Less justifiable, at least in the setting of the IMF, was Treasury Secretary Connally's blunt imperative that other nations drop discriminatory taxes and other barriers against American goods and share more generously in the expense of maintaining US troops abroad. Likewise, it was unadroit, to say the least, for Mr. Nixon to try and bludgeon other nations into bowing to our will by imposing a 10 percent import surcharge. It was too crude, too reminiscent of the deadly "beggar my neighbor" commercial policies of the 1930s, too insensitive to the economies of such innocent bystanders as Canada and Latin America, to whom foreign trade is of much greater relative importance than it is to the US.

But in their response to Mr. Nixon's tough policy, Japan, as well as France, West Germany, Italy and other nations of Europe were unbecomingly perverse—

demanding that the US not only resume conversion of the dollar into gold but raise its price from \$35 per ounce to \$38.50; not only perverse but paradoxical in the light of general support for a future monetary system in which gold would be subordinated or eliminated entirely. Why their intransigence on this point? Part of the explanation may be found in the fact that the US gold supply has fallen sharply over the past decade, and that \$70 billion in gold has been accumulated elsewhere, one-third of it in speculative hoards. It has not been accumulated because it is needed to make jewelry! The supply is enough, without further production, to satisfy all projected industrial requirements for the next hundred years. No responsible authority has called for an abrupt demonetization of gold, but what would gold's price become if that did happen? It must be a horrifying thought for those who now hold large amounts of the metal; if the nervous began to unload, it would be a nightmare. On the other hand, a 10 percent rise in the price, which is what America's trading partners have urged, would yield a quick profit to its possessors of \$7 billion.

Fortunately, there are plans for enlisting the services of the IMF in demonetizing gold in an orderly way, with neither untoward gains nor losses for present holders, and for realigning exchange rates so that US deficits can be ended.

What Pakistan Wants

The war in Bangladesh (East Pakistan) is six months old, and Washington is walking a tightrope, skittish as it might well be of entrapment in the politics of either side—or in another Asian war. Meanwhile, regular units of the Mukti Bahini (liberation forces) strike at will. West Pakistani convoys are ambushed, troop carriers sunk, communications interdicted, posts neutralized, collaborators eliminated. Trained guerrillas infiltrate the towns and countryside. Bombings in Dacca, the regional capital, began about three months ago, and guerrilla formations have begun operating there with machine guns, attacking army posts and encampments. Villagers shelter and feed guerrillas and act as their eyes and ears. Nine million refugees have already converted this conflict from a confrontation between 75 million Bengalis and Pakistanis into a domestic problem for India. And if Pakistan could manage it India would be blamed for the whole tragedy.

Faced with a progressively deteriorating situation the Pakistani government continues to claim that normalcy is round the corner. It is not. Officer deaths have topped 400, four times the loss in the Indo-Pakistani war of 1965. The Pakistani economy remains at low ebb. Development activity is limited to aided projects where the foreign aid still continues to flow.

It is reckoned, however, that by about December the pipeline will begin to run dry.

Faced with the unwillingness last June of the Pakistan Aid Consortium to bail it out, Pakistan has reverted to bilateralism, pressing the US to negotiate agreements for the \$80 million in commodity assistance that has been carried over from last year and remains frozen by AID. Encouraged by the continuation of previously-committed US arms shipments and the belief that its role as messenger boy in the Chou-Kissinger talks entitles it to favors, Pakistan has been putting pressure on the Nixon administration to release the \$80 million, plus another \$118 million for the first half of the next financial year. In addition, the government is trying to secure a further moratorium on its debt liabilities. On April 30, it declared a moratorium, defaulting on \$80 million it owes; that moratorium terminates October 31, so the Paks are seeking further relief on another \$220 million falling due over the next year.

A genuine return to civilian rule in Bangladesh would require pulling the Pakistani army out of the countryside, which is impossible because the district civil administration would be the first to declare its allegiance to the rebel state. All Pakistan can do is provide the trappings of civilian rule, simultaneously burning villages in retaliation for guerrilla action.

UN famine-relief teams improve the Pakistani army's logistical position. Jeeps, trucks and river-craft belonging to UNICEF, the United Nations Development Program and a US-aided cholera research project have all been pressed into service by the army, which concedes the prospect of famine but stresses the need for improved communications if the food is to get from the ports to the people. The Paks claim there is a serious bottleneck in the distribution system due to a shortage of river craft, and so there is, created by the army when it commandeered all commercial and foreign-donated vessels for its own use. The UN has asked Pakistan for two helicopters and coastal and river craft of 10,000-ton capacity, to be chartered at a cost of \$15 million, plus 10 tugs and 400 trucks. The United States has provided \$4 million for leasing 26 coastal vessels. It remains to be seen whether UN and US representatives on the spot will be able to keep these vessels out of army hands. Washington says that its chartered boats will be operated by non-Pakistani crews, but this is already being diluted to mixed crews moving under Pakistani military escort. Bangladesh leaders fear that military supplies will be camouflaged as relief.

The UN has assigned 38 people to supervise relief operations, but they are confined to Dacca, are only permitted outside during the day under escort, and there are 62,000 villages in Bangladesh—ill-served by communications in normal times and now virtual islands as a result of the insurrection. How 38 or even 138 UN personnel, ignorant of the language, social

milieu and politics of the area and not permitted to set up bases outside Dacca can ensure that their grain is distributed to the starving and not black-marketed in the rural areas defies imagination. The prospects are that the army and the towns will be fed and some grain may filter to the villages.

The Nixon Watch Reform at FTC – II

The rules that in principle govern the relationship between the Nixon White House and the Federal Trade Commission, along with other regulatory agencies, are set forth in a memorandum dated May 21, 1969. The memorandum was signed and distributed to the Nixon staff on that date by Peter M. Flanigan, the assistant who oversees White House dealings with the agencies. Flanigan, a wealthy recruit to the Nixon staff from Wall Street, is regarded with considerable suspicion in the White House press room and by some members of Congress who have charged him with serving his own and the financial community's interest at the public expense. None of the charges has ever seemed convincing to me. I take him up to now to be a capable servant of the President, with talents and connections that arise naturally but not harmfully from his background. The memo in which he defines the staff relationship with the agencies is refreshingly free of the cant about the separation of executive and regulatory responsibilities that tends to fog up discussion of the subject. In condensed paraphrase (I am not at liberty to quote it precisely), the substance of it follows:

The primary responsibility of the regulatory agencies is to Congress. They have a duty to investigate, prosecute and judge the cases before them. Any executive interference with this quasi-judicial function would be highly improper. Any expression of interest by the White House staff in the outcome of any pending case or any attempt to influence the outcome would be illegal. It is important that members of the White House staff avoid even the appearance of interest in agency cases or their outcome. However, and in spite of these considerations, sensitive matters often arise which do require official or informal contacts with the commissioners or staffs of these agencies. The policies and findings of these agencies often interact heavily with the policies of the executive branch. There is, therefore, occasion for White House staff contact with these agencies. But members of the staff should keep the Flanigan office informed of any contact and should notify designated members of the Flanigan staff IN ADVANCE of any contact, to make sure that it is appropriate. Members of the White House staff may

listen to comments and views on agency cases when they are volunteered by parties to the cases or their representatives. However, such visits or the submission to White House staff members of written briefs should not be encouraged. Better still, they should be sidestepped and avoided whenever possible. Members of the White House staff should not inquire about the status of pending cases. Instead, anyone who asks that such inquiries be made should be told to contact the agency directly.

So far as I have been able to determine, the Flanigan rules have been followed to the letter, and then some, at and with the FTC. The only White House contacts that I have identified at that agency have been with Miles Kirkpatrick, the Philadelphia antitrust lawyer who was appointed to the commission and designated chairman a year ago. According to him, to three of the four other commissioners, to all of FTC's bureau heads, and to several commission attorneys who are breathing volcanoes of suspicion, there has been no interference from the Nixon White House in any matter pending before the commission. In a critical and stupendously thorough study of FTC's antitrust practices by one of Ralph Nader's teams, there is not a single allegation of White House intervention in a pending case. Mark Silbergeld, a former FTC lawyer who recently joined Nader's research staff and is no apologist for the FTC bureaucracy or the Nixon administration, said the other day that he never knew or heard of an instance of White House intervention during six years at the commission, including the first two-and-a-half Nixon years.

An important caveat is made explicit in the Flanigan memorandum and is enlarged upon by Flanigan in conversation. Overall commission policy, as distinct from specific and pending cases, is considered to be a matter of legitimate and necessary interest to the President and to his assistants, principally Flanigan, in FTC affairs. Policy influences the outcome of cases, of course, so in this sense the detached innocence of the Nixon White House is far from totally innocent and inclusive. Only one instance of expressed White House policy affecting the outcome of cases has been cited to me, though there probably are others. Flanigan indicated to Chairman Kirkpatrick, in one of their infrequent meetings, that the administration would like to have the controversial problem of analgesics (pain relievers) and the often exaggerated claims of rival advertisers dealt with through a general commission rule, which would have the force of law, rather than through individual cases against competing companies. This the FTC is in process of doing.

Policy is at the core of several issues that are shaping up for decision. Whether to sustain and carry to its logical conclusion a massive attack upon deceptive advertising practices, including requirements that the perpetrators of false claims acknowledge their lies in later advertisements and perhaps even recompense

cheated buyers, is one such issue. Hearings to be opened in late October on the social impact of advertising, particularly TV ads, could draw the FTC into areas and depths of controversy it has never entered before. Herbert Klein, the President's communications director, said recently that the trend endangers press freedom, but it is said at the commission that the White House staff has made no private complaints. A looming issue of immense import is whether the structure of highly concentrated industries, in which a few producers and suppliers dominate their markets, inevitably leads (as the "structuralists" maintain) to inflated prices and other abuses and in itself constitutes a violation of the antitrust laws. If the FTC brings itself to this conclusion, even in a relatively minor case, the result could be the forced breaking up of General Motors, for instance, into four or five competing automobile companies. An FTC attorney who is doing his best to lead the commission in that direction said not long ago that this or any other administration "would dig up this place and pour salt in the hole" if the commissioners let it happen. Yet the commissioners are allowing their staffs to research and emphasize in their case presentations the effects of concentrated industry structures, in a significant departure from the traditional antitrust proposition that the misbehavior of individuals rather than the inherent consequences of industry and market composition destroy competition and violate the law. Peter Flanigan nodded with interest but didn't comment when I men-

tioned this as an emerging policy issue of presumable interest to the President. He did say that the initiation of an FTC case involving the structural issue (an effort to force the dissolution of Warner-Lambert's 1968 merger with another big pharmaceutical company, Parke-Davis) was one of several commission actions that hit the White House "like a bolt from the blue." Another stunner, according to Flanigan, was a series of cases in which the commission is questioning the legality of exclusive franchises such as those commonly granted to Coca Cola and other soft-drink bottlers.

The Nixon people consider that they have three appointees on the present commission. They are Kirkpatrick, who has encouraged the trends just mentioned and others of potentially equal importance; David S. Dennison, a former Republican congressman from Ohio, who has generally supported Kirkpatrick; and Everette MacIntyre, a veteran Democratic holdover. Mary Gardiner Jones, a very nominal Republican, was appointed by President Johnson. Because MacIntyre has passed the legal retirement age, his tenure has to be annually renewed by the President. So far, it has been. The other Democrat, ex-chairman Paul Rand Dixon, is safe in office until 1974. Not the least of the FTC's current oddities is the fact that the two Democrats constitute the commission's conservative minority. It's the Republicans who cause observers to wonder how long Mr. Nixon can and will put up with his reformed FTC.

John Osborne

Blacks, Democrats And the '72 Convention

by Ken Bode

Sixty black leaders met last month in relative secrecy at the O'Hareport Hotel outside Chicago to talk about strategies for the 1972 presidential race. The group included civil rights leaders Coretta King, the Rev. An-

drew Young, Vernon Jordan of the National Urban League, Congressmen John Conyers and William Clay, heads of black economic and welfare organizations (Jesse Jackson, George Wiley), and black-elected officials, such as Georgia state legislator Julian Bond and Mayor Richard Hatcher of Gary, Indiana. Politically, the gathering spanned a broad spectrum, from Democratic Party stalwarts like Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton and Congressman Charles Diggs of Michigan to Haywood Henry, chairman of

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the black nationalist Congress of African Peoples and Imamu Baraka, the poet, playwright, and Newark community activist, formerly known as Leroi Jones.

This was not the first indication of the seriousness with which blacks view the forthcoming elections. Last May, Jesse Jackson invited prominent political leaders to Chicago for a strategy session at which the possibility of a black separatist party was debated. In August, the National Welfare Rights Convention heard Executive Director George Wiley urge all members to try and become delegates to the Democratic national convention, and later that month at an outdoor rally of 8000 supporters of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference in Atlanta, Ralph Abernathy called for (and committed his organization to stimulating) greater black participation in the primary and general elections. Shortly thereafter, over 400 rank-and-file blacks from a dozen states joined with elected officials in Mobile, Alabama for the first Southern Black Political Caucus, summoned by John Cashin of Alabama, Julian Bond and Charles Evers. They had three things in mind: more black representation at Miami, credentials challenge tactics, and speeded up registration for voters.

A large majority of Democrats aren't black, but a large majority of blacks are – or at least were – Democrats, and important to the Old Democratic Coalition. In 1960, seven-of-ten black voters preferred Kennedy to Nixon; in 1964, Barry Goldwater pushed 94 percent of black votes into the Democratic column. In 1968, while many of labor's white, blue-collar troops marched to the drums of George Wallace and part of the intellectual establishment sat on its hands, blacks stayed loyal: fewer of them voted, but 85 percent of those who did, voted for Humphrey.

And yet blacks have never had an influence in party councils commensurate with their party loyalty. Only 5.5 percent of the voting delegates at the '68 Chicago convention were black, and demands for more reasonable black representation on delegations from Texas and North Carolina were turned down in divisive floor fights.

That's all past. Today, every scenario for a fourth party, for example, is premised on substantial defections from the Democratic Party by the black electorate in '72. At least that was the premise of organizers for the Benjamin Spock-Marcus Raskin "New Party," who brought a VW van pasted-up with "Draft Ralph Nader" stickers to the Southern Black Caucus in Mobile and argued that the two major parties would probably offer blacks nothing better next year than they had in '68. Black leaders, however, have grown more adept at sorting out their own best interests, and the nearly unanimous response to the New Party pitch was, "Yes, well, *we* don't have any problem choosing between those two." A separatist ticket in 1972 *could* capture a large part of the black vote, but a white-

controlled fourth party offers little to compensate blacks for the fact that it would contribute to the re-election of Richard Nixon.

The most comprehensive strategy considered by the group at the O'Hareport Hotel last month was developed by Julian Bond in a paper circulated in advance. He wants to run black favorite-son presidential candidates in Democratic primaries in states with sizable black populations (Florida, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Maryland, Indiana, California, North Carolina). Bond would steer clear of a *single* national black candidate, focusing instead on selected congressional districts with high concentrations of blacks, thus maximizing their delegate strength. "It is the only way we can avoid having our votes bargained for by the competing presidential candidates in the primaries and brokered by other political interests at the convention," he says.

The Bond strategy has its critics. Channing Phillips, national committeeman for the District of Columbia prefers putting the spotlight on one black candidate, thereby engaging black interest nationwide. Another supporter of the single candidate approach says that, "It's the only way we can make all the white candidates look as much alike as they really are."

Congressman Shirley Chisholm of New York, the first black woman to serve in the House of Representatives, appears to go along with that idea. While the O'Hareport group was debating alternatives, Mrs. Chisholm was speaking in New Mexico, where she virtually announced her candidacy in states where there are likely to be four or five competing white candidates, and where the black population exceeds 20 percent in some congressional districts. In addition to solid black support, she is confident that she could appeal to women's groups, particularly the newly formed National Women's Political Caucus. Mrs. Chisholm has her eye on North Carolina and California, and possibly Florida, Wisconsin and New York. With the exception of California, most convention delegates chosen in those primaries will be elected by congressional districts, the winner of each district getting the full slate of delegates and alternates. So if blacks do vote as a bloc and the white vote is fragmented, a black candidacy could pay off.

The various strategies all have hazards. A serious black candidacy in California, which is a winner-take-all statewide, could siphon off enough votes from the left-of-center Democratic alternatives to deliver the state's full complement of 271 convention votes to Edmund Muskie or Henry Jackson. Nevertheless black leaders are not prepared to let left-of-center Democrats set the terms in this or any other state.

Traditionally, black leaders have regarded any effort to seek representation at the national nominating convention as useless. Meeting as it does for four days each four years, a national convention is a transitory thing, not easy to mobilize around. Anyway, blacks had

little chance of gaining enough influence to wring major concessions from the assembled delegates, certainly not enough to nominate one of their own. They therefore chose to marshal their precious resources to capture offices more directly relevant to blacks where they live – mayor and council seats, sheriff, probate judge, coroner. Also, where blacks have been strongest numerically – the South – they have been weakest in the national, two-party system. The discriminatory practices of southern parties (both blatant and subtle) ensured that grassroots black leaders didn't make it onto national convention delegations.

To the extent that blacks *have* been systematically involved in the presidential nominating process, however, it is in the South that they've been most successful. It began in 1964 with the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party's challenge to the segregationist, regular Democratic Party delegation at the national convention. Then in 1968, there were challenges based on discrimination or racially imbalanced delegations from Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, North Carolina and Texas. Black unity was far from total: leaders of a hastily assembled caucus of black delegates at Chicago found that blacks in a delegation had not necessarily been selected by blacks, or would represent black interests on key votes or, indeed, were free to vote their consciences. Blacks on the Pennsylvania delegation (hand-picked by the Barr-Tate faction of the Democratic Party) voted en masse against the seating of Julian Bond's delegation and in favor of the Lester Maddox' Georgia Regulars. And when Bond asked six black delegates from North Carolina how they intended to vote on the peace plank, they responded, "How does Mr. Humphrey want us to vote?"

Some of the newfound interest in the convention is attributable to recent reforms within the Democratic Party, which provide for more open procedures for picking delegates. In explicit recognition of past discrimination and underrepresentation, the Fraser-McGovern Commission guidelines also mandate that blacks and other members of racial minorities be represented on each state's delegation "in proportion to their presence in the population." The practical effect of this guideline is unknowable at this point, for it is based on total population, not "Democratic" population. Since no one can say precisely how many black Democrats there are, the population standard is understandable. But it means that blacks will still not be represented in anything like the proportion their Democratic electoral support would seem to warrant. Blacks are 11 percent of the nation, according to the 1970 Census, but they are at least 20 percent of the Democratic electorate.

Furthermore, the Fraser-McGovern Commission has never spelled out what it means by reasonable representation. Its initial report, issued in April 1970, carried the caveat that no absolute quota system was intended. But if no quota system is intended, what exact-

ly is intended? In 1968, Alabama (30 percent black) sent a delegation to the convention which was two percent black. Will that do for 1972? Probably not. Will 10 percent do, or 12? What about Tennessee, where blacks were 17 percent of the population in 1968 and had 11 percent of the delegation? Reasonable? "Well," the opponents of reform have asked, "if you have to have a certain proportion of blacks, women, and young people, why not Italian and Irish and Chinese and rural and urban? Pretty soon we'll be worrying about having enough aging Polish bakers on the delegation."

Nor is it clear who has final responsibility for assuring "reasonable representation" on each delegation, or that it can be done. In the New York primary, candidates for delegate can file individually or by slate, but must be voted upon individually. Therefore, each presidential candidate must presumably assure that his official slate in each of the 39 New York congressional districts has the proper mixture of race, age and sex. But since delegates will be chosen individually in the primary, it is quite possible – even likely – that a slate will not be elected in its entirety and that the resulting New York delegation will not numerically reflect the "proper" proportion of blacks, young people and women. If the elected New York delegation is only five percent black and brown, 80 percent male, with no one under 30, will the credentials committee set aside the judgment of a direct primary? There are similar potentials for confusion in at least six other states with direct delegate primaries (Illinois, Massachusetts, Nebraska, New Hampshire, West Virginia and Oregon). In its July 1971 meeting, the commission ducked this question.

Where state parties have taken responsibility for enforcing the reasonable representation guideline, the results are encouraging. Thus North Carolina's Democratic Party in 1970 mandated representation for blacks commensurate with their proportion of the population – from precinct officers through the state convention and the national convention delegation. That decision has stimulated renewed political interest and more confidence in black leaders who do emerge as party officers and state convention delegates. "It is

COMING: Ritalin as a drug
for hyperactive children –
a skeptical inquiry
by Alan F. Charles.

a case-book example of how good rules can make all the difference," says Jim Hunt, the young North Carolina attorney who headed the reform effort.

At this writing, however, only 11 states (Alabama, Alaska, California, Delaware, Iowa, Mississippi, New Jersey, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma and Utah) have adopted rules explicitly guaranteeing minority groups the minimum necessary representation on their 1972 delegations. Seven states (Arkansas, Connecticut, Florida, Indiana, Texas, Virginia and Wisconsin) have proposed such rules, however, and the new chairman of the commission, Rep. Donald Fraser, is optimistic that most states will have satisfied the requirements by the time the delegate selection actually begins. Some of the commission's members are more skeptical than Fraser, but the majority is inclined to leave whatever problems remain for the credentials committee to deal with. That committee and the convention itself will be the final arbiters.

There are probably going to be more credentials challenges in Miami than have ever been seen - 1968 holds the record now. One observer predicts an "interior Chicago" when the credentials committee meets two weeks before the convention itself. The national party Commission on Rules, headed by Rep. James O'Hara of Michigan, has done a lot to assure an orderly, fair hearing for challengers and the challenged. Nevertheless, the O'Hara rules have a loophole: the challenge procedures will be in force only if a state's delegation has been picked 70 days before the national convention. National Chairman, Larry O'Brien (ever aware that the short campaign period in 1968 might have cost late-peaking Humphrey the presidency) has set the Miami convention for early July. Twenty-three states will pick their delegates within 70 days of the convention's opening, so the O'Hara Commission's procedures will not apply to them. In another 18 states, where party officials have some discretion in setting state convention dates, the procedures also will probably not apply, and these include many states where challenges based on racially imbalanced delegations are most likely. Where the elaborate O'Hara challenge procedures are not in effect, the temporary chairman of the credentials committee (to be elected by the National Committee this week) is empowered to make the rules.

In perhaps its boldest stroke, the O'Hara Commission enlarged the credentials committee to 150 (rather than two from each state and territory) and apportioned it according to the size of each state's delegation and with the proviso that each jurisdiction must have at least one representative. The change means that major states of the Midwest and Northeast, along with California, will each have ten and more votes on the committee; the weight of small states and territories is diminished. Where in the past, challenges based on racially imbalanced delegations and on racial (and

sexual) discrimination have failed more often than not before the credentials committee and moved to the convention floor as minority reports, in 1972 they are more likely to be reported out as majority reports, thus shifting the burden and the odds in any floor fight.

It would be wrong to say that a black consensus has been reached; competing ambitions may undermine the emerging coalition. "All the stars have personal agendas," one leader says, "but even setting that aside, the divorce between urban blacks and southern blacks is long overdue. Their interests are not the same, and I doubt they can get together even inside the Democratic Party." Nevertheless, people like Julian Bond, Shirley Chisholm, and John Conyers are working with other black leaders who have impressive constituencies on some ground rules. Staff representatives of the Joint Center for Political Studies, Southern Elections Fund, and the Voting Rights Project of *Common Cause* are assembling a how-to-do-it delegate selection manual, state by state; it will be ready for national distribution among blacks this month or next. The Southern Black Caucus has set up a committee to examine the basis and probable need for credentials challenges.

In addition, lawyers have begun to explore ways of forcing the basing of delegate apportionments in the South on the last presidential vote. George Wallace carried seven southern states in '68; Humphrey ran third in five; most southern votes for the national Democratic ticket came from blacks. Indeed, in Mississippi, the generally accepted rule of thumb is that 90 percent of the Humphrey vote was black, and 90 percent of the blacks voted for Humphrey. But if delegate seats are apportioned equally among all congressional districts in these states, or if apportionment is based on the Democratic vote for a state office like governor, white Wallace Democrats will have equal or greater representation at the 1972 convention than black loyalists.

If the party's minimum guidelines are followed, there could be over 300 black delegates and nearly 200 alternates in Miami, and while the presidential votes of many of them will be bound by the results of primaries and state conventions, the Black Caucus will be free to coalesce and broker on virtually all other matters. It could probably exercise a veto over platform, and by meeting early, during the deliberations of the credentials committee, it could certainly influence those decisions. The convention would find it hard to repeat its 1964 performance, when it gave the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party only two at-large seats, or its decision in '68 to split the Georgia votes equally between Lester Maddox and Julian Bond.

Andrew Greeley has argued recently that a black vice-presidential candidate would be a powerful symbol of the possibilities for achieving racial justice, forestall a black separatist or Democratic-left splinter party and be a magnet for the 25 million new voters in 1972. Senator Muskie, has explicitly, if sadly, foreclosed this

possibility if he is nominated. But by expressing doubt that such a ticket is electable in '72, Muskie has at least ensured discussion of the issue from now until the convention. Muskie himself has since promised to reassess his position. There are a number of reasons why the senator might change his mind.

One is the possibility that the Black Caucus will decide to run one of its own for Vice President against the official designee. Every delegate in the hall is technically free to vote his conscience on the presidential nominee's running mate; under new national party rules, no delegate may be unwillingly bound by imposition of the unit rule in a caucus of the delegation. Of course, the McGovern and O'Hara reforms will not preclude Mayor Daley from coming to Miami with a large segment of the Illinois delegation prepared to do his bidding. But on questions other than the presidential nomination, more delegates will be independent agents than at any time in recent memory.

The problem for the Black Caucus will be to stay

united. One black leader who wants a black vice-presidential candidate is skeptical: "Once the presidential candidate is nominated, the hustle begins. Everybody's first impulse will be to try to get as close to The Man as possible. Ultimately, I'm afraid, the black strategy is always the same - to relate to whoever is nominated. Unless we relate to ourselves and our own needs first, black unity will crumble."

Nevertheless, a black vice-presidential candidacy would attract a substantial amount of black support, which could be augmented by the votes of many left-of-center, nonblack delegates. If there's prolonged division over the presidential nomination, if there is widespread dissatisfaction about convention procedures, or if accommodation on platform and credentials is unsatisfactory, it is not inconceivable that the major fight at the 1972 convention could be over the vice presidency. And even a token black protest candidacy would be an inauspicious way for Democrats to begin the 1972 campaign.

The Illusion of Withdrawal - II

The Automated Air War

by William Haseltine

"... war involves very small numbers of people, mostly highly trained specialists. The fighting ... takes place on the vague frontiers whose whereabouts the average man can only guess at"

George Orwell, 1984

As this is written, hundreds of the most sophisticated machines of war in history are hovering over the bamboo villages of Indochina, waging a new kind of mechanized warfare even as US ground troops are being withdrawn. Since Mr. Nixon became President, we have dropped 2,700,000 tons of bombs on Indochina - more than was dropped on two continents during World War II and the Korean War combined.

There are O1E, O2 and OV10 spotter planes at 2000 feet; A1E, A26, T28 prop bombers, AC47, AC54, AC119, AC130 gunships, flare ships, rescue and gunship helicopters at 5000 feet; F4, F100, F105, A7, B57

jet bombers, jet reconnaissance, EC47 and EC119 electronic aircraft at 10,000; KC-135 super-tankers at 20,000; B52s at 30,000; EC130 command and control aircraft at 35,000; and SR71 reconnaissance aircraft at 70,000 feet. As no less an expert than General Westmoreland puts it, "We are making unusual efforts to avoid having the American young man stand toe-to-toe, eyeball-to-eyeball or even rifle-to-rifle with the enemy." Hence Vietnamization, hence automation. Military planners are busy finding ways to wire down the war. The Electronic Systems Division at Hanscom Field, an Air Force Base not far from Boston, orchestrates the intricacies of applying space-age technology to counter-insurgency weaponry. The academic community provides advice and inspiration, the companies test and manufacture the new gadgets, the air base in-

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tegrates these into tactical weapons systems and ships them to Indochina.

The most dramatic example of the automation of the war is Hanscom's show-case project, code-named *Igloo White*. It became operational in November 1967, over Laos, was expanded last year to include Cambodia, and today directs much of the bombing over both countries. Its major task is to automate destruction of North Vietnamese supply routes in those lands. Its supporters boast that *Igloo White* is "entirely air supported - it requires no ground troops." It is almost fully automatic as well. The system consists of battery-operated seismic and acoustic sensors dropped from the air along the elaborate system of roads and trails in Laos and Cambodia. The acoustic detectors transmit noises in their vicinity and are dropped so that they hang suspended from trees. The more widely used seismic detectors are partially buried and detect ground vibrations. The Air Force is working on new detectors and soon hopes to have one that responds to both metal objects and to body heat.

The exact placing of the sensors is a problem which isn't yet solved. Many of the sensors are dropped from planes flying hundreds of miles an hour. If you don't know where the sensor is, you don't know where to attack. A common solution is to use weapons which blanket large areas with lethal missiles and to attack several nearby locations.

The signals from the detectors are sent to a plane

which retransmits information to ground facilities for processing. Formerly these planes were converted super-constellations with large crews and data processing equipment on board. They are being replaced with a modified Beech Debonair that can be flown by remote control, making the detection system fully automatic. These drones are currently circling over Laos 24 hours a day.

The information collected by the drones goes directly to two huge IBM 360-65 computers located in Nakhon Phanom, Thailand, 75 miles west of the Mugia Pass, the beginning of the Ho Chi Minh Trail. These computers analyze the noises and vibrations, printing out the data and labeling it by time and place. Upon request the computer can display a map of the section of the road under suspicion and indicate the target site by a moving blip. The computer printout is passed to an intelligence coordinator and on to the Battlefield Control Center, which sends out the planes for attack. Besides being programmed to select sites for immediate attack, the computer correlates the information to determine a general traffic pattern, so it can be decided where to lay mine fields. The Air Force is working on mobile computation centers which can be air-lifted to any part of the world. A basic feature of *Igloo White* is that the sensors draw no distinction between friend or foe, civilian or soldier, adult or child, man or animal, and will impartially call down an automated death on all who cross their path. Over two billion dollars has been spent on *Igloo White* over the past five years. Air Force officials consider the program to be successful and envision a worldwide deployment capability by 1976, the 200th anniversary of the American Revolution.

Igloo White is closely integrated with the attack system called *Commando Hunt* which began November 15, 1968, 15 days after the bombing of North Vietnam was halted. *Commando Hunt* is a four-step program to cut the supply lines in Laos and Cambodia. First, all major distinguishable targets such as bridges, buildings, dams and power stations are repeatedly attacked. For pinpoint accuracy the Air Force uses two new bomb delivery systems, one directed by a laser beam, the other by a TV camera. The laser-guided bombs and missiles weigh as much as a ton-and-a-half and have an eye on their nose which guides them to a spot of light beamed off the ground by another airplane. The man with the laser shines it on the target and the bomb falls on it. A TV camera on the other transmits a picture of what it sees to a screen in the cockpit. The pilot locks his bomb on the desired target image and releases it; it falls so that the central portion of the picture is always in view. It was first used over Laos in 1969.

The second part of the program is the dropping of antitruck mines along suspicious paths and roads, mines triggered by sound, pressure, metal objects or vibrations. One of the newest detects movement and explodes when anything comes toward it. Some



Vietnamization

detonate within a specified time if not triggered, others do not.

Third, antipersonnel landmines are dropped over the antitruck mines and down the entire length of some roads. The Air Force emphasizes that these are purely antipersonnel. WAAPM, the acronym for wide-area antipersonnel mine, is a large bomb containing hundreds of little bomblets. On impact each bomblet sends out trip wires. The mine explodes if the wires are disturbed. Both cover large parts of the countryside.

The fourth phase of the program is immediate reaction air strikes to areas selected by the *Igloo White* computers. The bomb favored for these missions is the CBU-24 antipersonnel and anti-light-material bomb. After it is released from the plane it splits open and hundreds of bomblets spill out. One bomb will normally send 250,000 pellets spewing about on an area the size of a football field. Anything above ground is lucky to escape unscathed. Another version of the same bomblet has a random time-delay fuse, so that after the initial attack bombs keep going off, making it difficult to care for the wounded or repair damage.

F-4 Phantom jets commonly used for these attacks have recently been equipped with a new TPQ-10 radar navigation device. The command computer can feed the map coordinates directly into a computer on the plane and direct it to a precise location. When the plane approaches coordinates, the computer automatically releases the bombs at the proper time to hit the target. The Air Force claims "using air-wide type ordnance, excellent results have been obtained with this blind-bombing method." All-weather navigation aides and light-amplification systems for night attacks are other new features on the attack planes.

The Air Force is satisfied with this program. They credit themselves with 5950 truck-"kills" during the 1969-1970 dry period and 14,000 this year. Nevertheless the supplies traveling down the Ho Chi Minh Trail are undiminished. A recent Senate Foreign Relations Staff Report discounts the Air Force's claim by 30 percent. The total number of truck kills claimed by the Air Force greatly exceeds the number the US Embassy in Saigon believes are in all North Vietnam.

The ineffectiveness of the automated war against the trail was highlighted two weeks ago when the Communists launched a massive offensive in Cambodia in the midst of the rainy season and the heaviest floods in North Vietnam's recent history. With Sihanoukville port closed, where were supplies obtained for this offensive? It is not only the cynics who suspect that supplies have been moving down the trail much as they always have.

Still, the bombs continue to rain down. The US has dropped over one million tons on Laos alone in the last two-and-a-half years. And although overall sortie figures are classified, the Senate report revealed that 340 sorties a day were being flown in April, 1971,

twice as many as during the height of the bombing over Laos during the Johnson years. And this figure did not include the 30 tons per sortie B52 flights secretly sent over northern Laos since February 18, 1970. In all, over 1000 tons of bombs are being dropped daily on Laos.

Although the "Rules of Engagement and Operational Authorities" which regulate the bombing in Laos make it seemingly impossible for villages and other nonmilitary targets to be bombed, there is no evidence to indicate that they are enforced. Despite the most protracted bombing of civilian targets in history, for example, there are no known instances of disciplinary action taken against pilots for bombing villages in Pathet Lao-controlled zones. The Senate staff report itself states that in some cases the rules are deliberately violated, and in any case have loopholes which account for "roads with civilian traffic, villages and groups of civilians - bombed, rocketed or napalmed." One rule permits ground fire to be returned virtually anywhere in Laos when a US plane is participating in a search and rescue operation or is flying in support of "infiltrating or exfiltrating" troops. There are 15 free-fire zones in Laos not protected by these rules. In addition there are special operating areas that the embassy has determined have no active villages, where any type of ordnance may be jettisoned or used. These areas cover most of the Plain of Jars and route 7 leading from North Vietnam to the plain. Until 1967, when the bombing began, the population of the Plain of Jars was well over 100,000.

The bombing in Laos is, of course, only part of the air war. Large-scale bombing of Cambodia, South Vietnam and even North Vietnam continues. The Pentagon insists that since November 1968, there has been no bombing of the North - only "protective reaction strikes" - 184 of them, 64 thus far in 1971, about two a week and some involving over 250 planes each, as on March 21 and September 21. The officially acknowledged purpose of the bombing is to interdict the flow of men and material into Vietnam, buying time for Vietnamization, and to provide tactical support to ARVN troops. Implicit is the threat, rendered credible by massive daily bombing of the countryside, that were NLF and North Vietnamese to seize control of the cities as they did during Tet 1968, the cities would again be destroyed from the air.

The need to replace men with machines in Indochina is becoming more urgent as more Americans come home. General Westmoreland is sure that the US can meet this challenge: "Today machines and technology are permitting economy of manpower on the battlefield, as indeed they are in the factory. But the future offers even more possibilities for economy. I am confident the American people expect this country to take full advantage of its technology - to welcome and applaud the developments that will replace wherever possible the man with the machine."

Stanley Kauffmann on films

The Last Picture Show (Columbia)

Sacco and Vanzetti (UMC)

So many things in Peter Bogdanovich's second film are so good that I wish I liked it more. Worse, I feel ungrateful. I complained that his first film *Targets* (NR, Aug. 31, 1968) showed considerable skill but was trapped in Movieland, in more than subject matter. That's not true here: he's addressed better material and shows even more skill; and, caddishly, I'm unsatisfied.

The script is by Larry McMurtry and Bogdanovich, from the former's novel. McMurtry also wrote the novel on which *Hud* was based. (And wrote a funny article about visiting the film company on location. I wish he'd write another, from another perspective, now that he's been actively involved.) Once again we're in sun-baked, freezing, sex-strangled, power-pent Texas, the landscape as flat as the outlook of most of the young inhabitants. It's 1951, a small town, and the first thing we see is the "picture show" (film theater), then the camera pans up the quite unspectacular main street. The very last shot reverses this movement, ending on the picture show, now closed forever. (TV has replaced movies as the dream-stuffing of empty lives. Free, too.) Between those shots, we've seen the hero move from late adolescence to the beginnings of manhood.

That's the first trouble. The script is framed just as neatly as the film is with those two shots. In order to define the end of a period in the hero's life, things are made to happen. Toward the close, an older man who has befriended the hero suddenly drops dead, the boy's long infatuation is exploded by a trick marriage, his best friend goes off to Korea, his affair with an older woman dissolves, and as if all that weren't enough, a mute mentally retarded kid he likes is run over by a truck. Heavy

hands are making the calendar turn over. There's personal observation, possibly autobiography, in the script, and I suspect that McMurtry's justification might be, "But that's the way it really happened." If so, it only proves again that life is no artist.

However, there's much in the film to be praised. First, Bogdanovich "saw" it in black and white and then made it in black and white. Hurrah for that. The demands of future TV sales didn't bully him into the color he thought inappropriate, as it does so many. Behind this choice and behind the gray tonalities of the picture, looms the loomable figure of Orson Welles. Bogdanovich wrote an adulatory monograph about Welles ten years ago, and this film is surely another homage—particularly to *Touch of Evil*. With Robert Surtees's fine photography, he has rendered a Texas with every gradation of light except cheery sunshine, as elegiac as his master's southern California. Also, there are bows to George Stevens: a long shot of a lonely house (*Giant*) and a burial on a hill (*Shane*). From a couple of dozen lesser figures, he has borrowed the Big Object shot: something huge in the foreground toward which characters move from far off. He uses it twice—a garbage can, a pair of feet sticking out of a car—which is twice too often. But generally Bogdanovich's own eye is lively, and so is his sense of flow.

And he has greatly improved with actors—both in his casting and his direction. Ben Johnson, belatedly coming into his own, is gentle and strong as the aging friend. Ellen Burstyn, a frustrated rich wife, Cybill Shepherd, her spoiled pretty daughter, and Cloris

Leachman, a desperate and doomed woman, are all vivid and truthful. There are lots of scenes in which the texture of conventions is nicely inscribed. (When the hero parks with his steady girl after a movie, she takes off her blouse and bra as routinely as for a medical exam.)

But a big trouble is Timothy Bottoms as the hero. There's nothing drastically wrong with him—other than that it takes about twenty minutes to sort him out, in appearance and language, from his best friend (Jeff Bridges). Bottoms is genuine enough; he's simply not good enough. He never opens up anything, never surprises, is never really touching. The best I could feel about him was that he was never false. Which is not enough for a film that's situated exactly in the middle of its protagonist.

And that's a model of what's finally dim about the whole picture. It all seems true enough, but almost every scene reminds us vaguely of something we've seen before and generally have seen better. Ben Johnson's speech about time passing him by, the chronicles of social snobberies and sexual hangups, the bareness of the life and the hunger for breaking out—all of these are credible but not illuminated by anything that makes them more than familiar. For long decades American films spent most of their time cramming American life into movie molds (often very entertainingly); now many American films, like this one, are trying to deal with American life as it is and was. But not falsifying is not enough.

Bogdanovich has real abilities and has progressed happily in most ways—ex-

(continued on page 40)

Films Worth Seeing

Carnal Knowledge. Jules Feiffer draws the US tail-chasing male with some wit, but it's two-dimensional cartooning. Mike Nichols and Jack Nicholson direct and perform well.

Desperate Characters. About today's "forgotten" people, the liberal bourgeoisie. Best film on this list, and best of Shirley MacLaine's career. Frank D. Gilroy wrote and directed.

The Go-Between. Thin story of a boy involved in a doomed love affair. 1900 England is exquisite to look at. Alan Bates OK as the man, Julie Christie NG as the woman. Joseph Losey directed, at the top of his fallible form.

The Hired Hand. A visual ballad of

the Old West, as freedoms faced up to civilization. Sometimes arty, quite often art. Peter Fonda, the leading man, makes a fair directing debut.

Little Big Man. Dustin Hoffman, also in the Old West, living contrasting lives with Indians and whites, to the age of 121. Arthur Penn directs well when he drops the blackboard pointer.

Sunday Bloody Sunday. Just makes this list by virtue of Glenda Jackson's performance and Penelope Gilliatt's dialogue. John Schlesinger's film of a London hetero-homo triangle travels a long, seemingly purposeful way to very little.

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FALL BOOK NUMBER



A Separate Glory

Eleanor and Franklin by Joseph P. Lash

(Norton; \$12.50)

That Eleanor Roosevelt was a deeply remarkable person we already knew, in a kind of two-dimensional way, in word and not only in deed. Her autobiography runs to three volumes and for years she wrote a daily column about her life. To some considerable extent then Joseph Lash's new biography helps us see what we have had before us all along, without being quite able to recognize it. Her goodness, for instance, Lash reveals to have been not merely an innate predisposition but an active aspiration. In fact she was a Christian saint. Many have recognized that some unusual condition of ego prevailed within her, but most perhaps have assumed it to have been modeled on a modern humanism, liberalism, idealism, etc. Not so: "There was always some prayer in her purse to recall her to her Christian vocation. Christ's story was a drama that re-enacted itself repeatedly in her thoughts and feelings." "She was a woman of sorrow . . . understanding and tender. . . ." " . . . a woman of mercy right out of First Corinthians." Lash (drawing on William James) is reminded of Saint Theresa, but as he also reminds us she had displayed the imitation of Christ

in her published writings. Those anxious for the reputation of sainthood need not fear; yet Lash is no sentimentalist. "Just as the saints," he writes, worried "endlessly" about their purity, "so the question of her moral courage . . . was always on Eleanor's mind. She yearned for situations that imposed duties." Some could find this irritating sometimes - her husband, for one.

In other words her saintliness is viewed from earth. Lash has written biography not hagiography. To recognize, define and convey mature qualities is a fine achievement in itself, but the finest thing in the book is Lash's presentation of her becoming, of how she got that way. He does not really know, or claim to know, but in his care for endless and marvelous detail and in his way of proposing interpretation, shyly yet firmly, he serves his purpose of deepening our interest in his heroine. He has succeeded in establishing her as a figure of the first magnitude in her own right.

Much - though obviously not all - the rich detail of the book comes from fresh and precious sources: Mrs. Roosevelt's own letters and papers at Hyde Park, plus other family papers there, which

no one has been allowed to use before. Also, Lash had his own diaries and recollections, and interviews with many persons who had known Mrs. Roosevelt from her childhood. The special mood of analysis in the book proceeds from Lash's friendship, personal and close, with Mrs. Roosevelt over the last 22 years of her life. His access to papers and willing interviewees followed from his selection, by Mrs. Roosevelt's literary executor, her son Franklin, Jr., to write this book. This is, then, an "official" biography. Official biographies are often found to suffer from an implicit commitment to hide some things and exalt others. There seems to have been no difficulty along this line with this book, perhaps because Lash's friendship had already taught him that suppressions and exaltations would hardly have seemed to Mrs. Roosevelt the service of a friend, and evidently because the Roosevelts agreed with him on this, to their great credit. The book is candid. It never cloys. And to top things off, Lash has found literary means for organizing his vast quantity of material so that it does not crush - short chapters, mainly, 56 of them, chronological and topical for the most

part, through which he then weaves his subtle and deeper story of emotions and self-creation. As art, a superb achievement.

Why the book is titled *Eleanor and Franklin* I do not understand however. It is a biography of Eleanor Roosevelt, and in no way a joint biography. A subtitle reads: "The Story of Their Relationship Based on Eleanor Roosevelt's Private Papers." This is puzzling too. True enough, Mrs. Roosevelt's "relationship" with her husband was the most conspicuous feature of her life, but there was a much more decisive one: her relationship with herself. One of the achievements of Lash's book indeed is to show us that a focus upon autonomy can be just as correct in the case of a wife as in the case of a husband. No doubt there will continue to be studies of Roosevelt hardly mentioning his wife while no study of Mrs. Roosevelt will ever deny her husband less than a leading role, but Lash's study is much more than a study of wifehood, and it is too bad someone settled upon these titles. Like Nancy Milford's *Zelda*, the title for this book should be *Eleanor*. Lash may have underestimated or at least underemphasized Mrs. Roosevelt's own powerful drive to self-analysis and self-revelation. One of her most remarkable achievements was writing her autobiography in 1937, and Lash's discussion here tantalizes more than it deepens our interest. Here was a saint who did persistently and immensely deal in advertisements of (but not for) herself. Mrs. Roosevelt was a genius in the confessional tradition, a genius at self-consciousness, and any implication that she is fixed mostly in terms of a relationship even with such another mighty figure as her husband is misleading.

But of course the story of how she got that way is very much a story of her relationships, and the story of her relationship with Franklin Roosevelt as Lash develops it is profoundly interesting. He has divided the book into four parts. (It ends with Roosevelt's death in 1945; a succeeding volume is promised.) In "Childhood and Youth" we are told again the famous story of Eleanor's daughterhood to her tragic father, with a wealth of detail and background that confirms the story as she herself told it in the 1937 autobiography, a confirmation in its turn of her awesome self-knowledge. But this section, commenced in light, concludes in mystery – the Roosevelts' marriage itself. Why did Franklin want to marry Eleanor? Why did she want to marry him? Lash's

efforts to explain Franklin are basically circular: "Already Franklin was a man who masked his deepest feelings. . . . his choice of Eleanor showed that beneath his surface gaiety there was seriousness and a life plan." Elsewhere Lash says that Roosevelt "had been brought up in a society where the ideal marriage was one that joined masculine egotism to feminine self devotion," and this was not quite the same thing. He really has no evidence showing that young Franklin Roosevelt self-insightfully chose Eleanor "because he needed someone to temper his fun-loving, easy-going frivolous side." The evidence does present a problem. While Eleanor's courtship letters to Franklin survive, his to her do not because she burnt them in 1937 while writing her autobiography. Why? Lash guesses she did it because rereading them hurt too much, after his affair (1916-1918) with Lucy Mercer. Lash notes though, from one of her letters to him, that Franklin had called her, this fresh nine-

teen-year-old, whom a friend described as dear, affectionate, simple, spontaneous, whose figure was excellent, whose conversation was easy, whose temper was tender and sweet, "grandmotherly." Still, if he did desexualize her from the start, this speaks of some insight of his own; she was unawakened, and would remain so: "Sex was an ordeal to be borne. . . ."

The evidence Lash does have in abundance however is the story of Sara Roosevelt, Franklin's mother, Eleanor's mother-in-law, and we can hardly fail to wonder whether young Franklin Roosevelt chose Eleanor primarily for reasons having to do with this terrible woman – terrible for Eleanor, that is. If so, maybe he chose correctly, in a certain sense. Part two, "Wife and Mother," Lash begins as follows: "Some situations brought out Eleanor's competence, and others touched the secret springs of her insecurity; her marriage did both." "The result was," he goes on, "that she totally subordinated her-

Night Ride

A lame horse moves
along the edge of a stream.
You are on his unsaddled back,
leaning into the soft buttocks
of a girl. Your arms extend
over the girl's thighs,
down around the horse's neck.
It is that rainbow evening
that comes at times
at the end of a gentle rain,
or at the end of a day so fierce
the crickets slug through their songs,
casting a sorcerer's eye at anyone
who would choose to move.

We should not be out past dark,
but no one can tell
if it is the sun or the moon
swaying in the hammock of the sky.

Off in the distance, I hear
the old folks create a canon
out of June bugs and junipers,
a lemonade, sweet peaches,
an empty moon over an empty garden.

I would follow you
down the muddy back reaches of the stream,
and wait when the horse stops
to lift his lame leg
and drop his heavy, straw-scented load,
and wait when you stop

self to her husband and her mother-in-law." In this old lady, one observer said, there was a real "primitive" jealousy, and Franklin Roosevelt never chose for his wife. Of Hyde Park, Mrs. Roosevelt wrote, upon Sara's death, "It was never my home. . . ." "It is dreadful to have lived so close to someone for 36 years & feel no deep affection or sense of loss." Sara didn't die until 1941; Eleanor Roosevelt really never had a home.

Yet it was his wife who saved Roosevelt from his mother, who would have destroyed him, in 1921. Is it possible that this is what he had "really" wanted from Eleanor from the start? Though we shall never "know," the question is not sheer speculation, not with the insight of Eleanor Roosevelt herself at hand. "His was an innate kind of reticence," she once wrote one of her sons, trying to explain why Roosevelt was unable to talk about personal things, "that may have been developed by the fact that he had an older father and a

very strong-willed mother, who constantly tried to exercise control over him in the early years. Consequently, he may have fallen into the habit of keeping his own counsel, and it became part of his nature not to talk to anyone of intimate matters." The reserve behind Roosevelt's dazzling facade has been assigned to Ivy League cool, to a wise politician's self-protection, to simple American-masculine conventionality. But somehow we want more explanation than that. Might not a man, "really incapable of a personal friendship with anyone" - Missy Lehand's words - have wished, "unconsciously," no doubt, to be rescued from his cave? Mrs. Roosevelt for one had another idea: "He lived his own life exactly as he wanted it."

And why did she choose him? Well, we must wonder how much choosing she was prepared for at 19, and then admire Mr. Lash for his quite explicit judgment: ". . . Franklin was not like her father, nor was her father the 'parfit,

gentil knight' that in her dream world Eleanor imagined him to be. In this inability to see the man she loved as he really was, she set the stage for much disappointment for herself." And for others too? An old old story. In 1949, reflecting upon her "almost impersonal feeling" following his death, she wrote: "He might have been happier with a wife who was completely uncritical. That I was never able to be. . . . Nevertheless, I think I sometimes acted as a spur, even though the spurring was not always wanted. . . . I was one of those who served his purposes." The elision, from being wrong for him to being right, bridges an abyss. No less than she mistook him did he mistake her. She was no little mother to be held in reserve for the day big mother was no longer there. A vast mistake; and yet, what vast good he did get out of the real Eleanor.

When, toward the end of part two, we come to the fatal chapter, on Franklin and Lucy Mercer, Lash doesn't take sides. He quotes catty Alice Roosevelt Longworth on the affair in the chapter itself - "He deserved a good time. He was married to Eleanor." - but very subtly, I think reserves for later sections any suggestions that Eleanor brought it on herself a little. Yet he betrays the outrage of a partisan, not at the affair of 1916-18 but at the secretive reappearance of Lucy Mercer - by then a widow, Mrs. Rutherford - years later, at the White House and, disastrously, at Warm Springs, whence she had to be smuggled in haste upon Roosevelt's death: ". . . for a woman [Eleanor] who was intransigent about knowing the truth and facing up to it, such deception . . . would prove to be almost the final indignity. Franklin knew that even if no one else did." Of course Eleanor found out. In other words, Roosevelt wanted to hurt her, and we can guess that that is what he had wanted to do 30 years earlier. But should we not guess also that he had wanted to be punished then too? He practically pressed the evidence of his affair upon his wife: is it possible she frustrated him by being too noble? Lash has no new plain evidence.

What he does prove is the effect of the affair upon Eleanor. He shows that it was decisive. His sense of this has dictated the larger form of his book. Part two ends with the affair and a chapter entitled "The Rebellion Begins." Part three is "The Emergence of Eleanor Roosevelt." In short, from the standpoint of her own freedom and identity, Mrs. Roosevelt was never so fortunate as when she was betrayed. For one

to caress the horse's neck,
or to reason out the moon.
It is an old path we take.
The ridges rise with familiar bumps.
The same grass reaches out,
at the same spot, to tickle
the same forelocks.
We approach that spot
where the girl will always tire,
and stretch her eyes back
in wonder
at all the covered distance.
She has no way of knowing
that the ride is not for her,
that we would capture our lame horse,
and set off along the stream,
and hope that this night
we would go far enough to hear
the moon whistle, or the grass croak,
or see the stream leave the borders
of earth like a woman
dropping her clothes,
go anywhere where the child's tired face
and the limp of the horse
can no longer contain us,
go anywhere where suddenly
we have grown into complete
understanding of the old folks' canon,
anywhere where the silent rainbow evening
has an answer to the crickets' song,
the gentle rain and a day so fierce
we dare not stare it down.

JAY WRIGHT

thing, she began to resist Sara. For another she began to learn politics, tutored by Louis Howe, sensitive and wise, perhaps the only person who managed to join himself equally to Eleanor and Franklin Roosevelt. The book shows that Mrs. Roosevelt had brilliant political talents of her own, and from this point on she and her husband had something profound to share, distinct from any private relations whatever these might have been. They shared power. All this before Campobello and polio.

And from then on, what? By helping her husband remain in politics, Mrs. Roosevelt helped shape her own destiny toward world stature, but an inadvertent irony in the book says almost too much. Of all the 56 chapters, chapter 30, bearing the title "A Life of Her Own," is the shortest. And chapter 34, nearly the last in the section of Eleanor Roosevelt's "emergence," is headed with her own words, "I Never Wanted to Be a President's Wife."

Understandably Lash appears to have been made uneasy by this contradictory spectacle of self-sacrifice and world fame. Was it really sacrifice after all? and if it was, why did she make it? As to the latter, Lash returns repeatedly to the marriage itself, and we learn that through the 20s Eleanor struggled for "a covenant of spirit and feeling" rather than just "a carefully arranged relationship" for the benefit of the children and Franklin's career. He pursues the question to the very end, in 1945, of whether Eleanor loved her husband, usually with the implication that Eleanor deceived herself when she told herself, and friends, that she did not. Yet at other points he writes such a thing as, "They were, in the White House years, consorts rather than bosom companions," and seems to accept that her own testimony cannot be denied.

One can think all this a false trail. If Mrs. Roosevelt sacrificed herself it was hardly by giving up a true marriage, or even that "life of her own" discussed in chapter 30, teaching in New York City. As Lash himself points out, once Roosevelt was gone, once she was no longer bound to the White House, she went on leading exactly the public life she had been leading before. The "remorseless logic" of her love for others, her "ardent nature," her "tenderness," all there in the young girl, from the beginning, continued to draw her on. It really had not made any difference whether she had "loved" Franklin or not.

In the end what the Roosevelts made of

their lives together, as well as separately, can be traced back simply to exceptional innate resources. Still, there may be something to be said for another approach too. In a way, their marriage at the start was utterly conventional: mutual misperception in courtship; the submissive bride, the self-centered bridegroom; bad sex; young wife vanishing into domestic illusions, young husband taut for success; the almost trivially mindless adultery: what more usual? At this point, according to conventional analysis, what was required was more analysis itself, husband and wife looking for a meeting-place with each other on a new basis of honesty, mutual acceptance, and a grown-up love. But this was not the way it was for the Roosevelts, and it seems perfectly clear that their way was better for them, and it seems possible that their way tells us a better way generally. The tenderness which Mrs. Roosevelt yearned for, and which she did not get from her husband, would not have helped her become what she became, a person strong and autonomous enough really to be able to help everyone, including the many persons who hated her and took the trouble to tell her so. For all we know Roosevelt himself speechlessly yearned for something from her she could not give, and she herself declared that it was better for him that he did not get it. In this marriage there were two separate sovereignties. The causes for this are endlessly debatable, but the immense precondition is surely visible. The basis upon which the Roosevelts proceeded together, once Eleanor had been shaken from her dependency, was not some second chapter in their private lives. The basis was objective, outside themselves, their public life, call it politics, call it power. A recent sociological study, *The Significant Americans*, suggests that a great many marriages, especially among professionals and career-minded people, are founded not on some interpersonal mutuality called love but on joint preoccupation with some reasonably distinct object, money, commonly enough, but it could as well be service to mankind. Mrs. Roosevelt's basic discovery, that "you can never really live anyone else's life," would have led her nowhere had she and her husband not had some quite impersonal basis upon which to reunite themselves.

As we read about the White House years - nearly half the book - , it gradually begins to occur to us that this husband and this wife exploited each other in the ways of conventional mar-

riage as little as one can imagine it on the part of two people also so much at the service of each other's separate glory.

Whether any of this has much to do with the New Deal itself, and great public events, is another matter. Those already interested in the New Deal and New Dealers will want to read the book, will "have to" read it just to be sure they're not missing something. Not being a specialist in New Deal history myself, I could only guess at what the specialists - Schlesinger, Leuchtenberg, Conkin, Burns, Friedell, *et al* - will conclude. I noticed no point at which Lash himself argued that Mrs. Roosevelt made a significant difference on any specific point of New Deal policy. The most familiar argument runs to the more general effect, that Mrs. Roosevelt made a difference as Roosevelt's eyes and ears, and Lash tells much to strengthen it, but it is still just as hard to think that had he not had his wife's services in this regard, Roosevelt would have failed to get much the same service some other way. He knew the danger of getting isolated in the White House, and it was his awareness, not her response, that was crucial. Where she did count, perhaps, in a fashion for which there could have been no substitute, was in her image, her popularity, her influence on "public opinion," a difference hard to measure but no doubt real enough. The volume of mail to the White House shot up with the New Deal, and a lot of it was addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt. But it is not exactly clear how we might describe the loss to Franklin Roosevelt had his First Lady been a homebody.

If this seems to be heading toward the idea that satisfactory New Deal history can still be written without much mention of Mrs. Roosevelt, maybe we should widen focus. For instance, Lash cites the 1933 judgment of Mary Beard, wife of the historian and an historian in her own right, that in breaking with the old stereotype of the First Lady and becoming a public figure in her own right, Mrs. Roosevelt was contributing to the progress of women. I think this is correct, but not for the New Deal years, when Mrs. Roosevelt's image probably served more to shore up traditional morale than any variety of feminist vitality. In fact, it is a book such as Lash's that may promote her greatest influence. There is not really any way of welding a feminist chapter onto the New Deal itself.

Yet, is there not something wrong with a conclusion that Mrs. Roosevelt cannot truly be counted as a significant historical figure? Between virtue and sig-

nificance, between fascination and power, the ratio is always obscure. Once the detailed studies have been made of the leadership of men like Roosevelt, what will provide context for these is the further study of why such leadership remains necessary, in a society supposedly hopeful of advancing beyond myths and fantasies in its conduct of its affairs. Roosevelt was a great leader, but his leadership drew heavily upon the illusions of people addicted by their society to dependency. He was not really very much like what his political image declared he was. Great leaders do not help people grow up and do without the illusions that addict them to leadership. Leadership tends to perpetuate, not eliminate, the history of crisis on which great leaders thrive. Mrs. Roosevelt on the other hand really was very much like her public image – a good person remarkable most of all because her goodness was centered in her public not her private life. If the "realism" of political history is not to founder in endless repetition of the story of great men who, upon historical examination, turn out not to have accomplished very much after all, a yardstick is required, not "beyond" history but beyond great leaders.

A specific measure generated by such a yardstick could, for instance, be the judgment that a society with Eleanor Roosevelt as President would be in better shape than one with Franklin Roosevelt as President. In such a society people would see the head they loved as he – or she – really was and thus avoid much disappointment for themselves. This is not to suggest that Eleanor would have been a better President than Franklin during the years of the great depression and the New Deal. That was a time when men needed to deny truths. One truth was that a great man, such as her husband, could not solve the real problems. What the real problems were, Eleanor Roosevelt knew, as Lash takes some pains to show. Her husband knew too, most likely, but he couldn't say, being President. She could, and so is still located in history as the idealist, possibly useful in keeping the realistic politician from sinking completely into opportunism and self-regard, but wholly his satellite. This view is incorrect, and perpetuates self-defeating ideas not so much about idealists as about what is truly realistic in politics. Mr. Lash's marvelous book helps show that.

Donald Meyer

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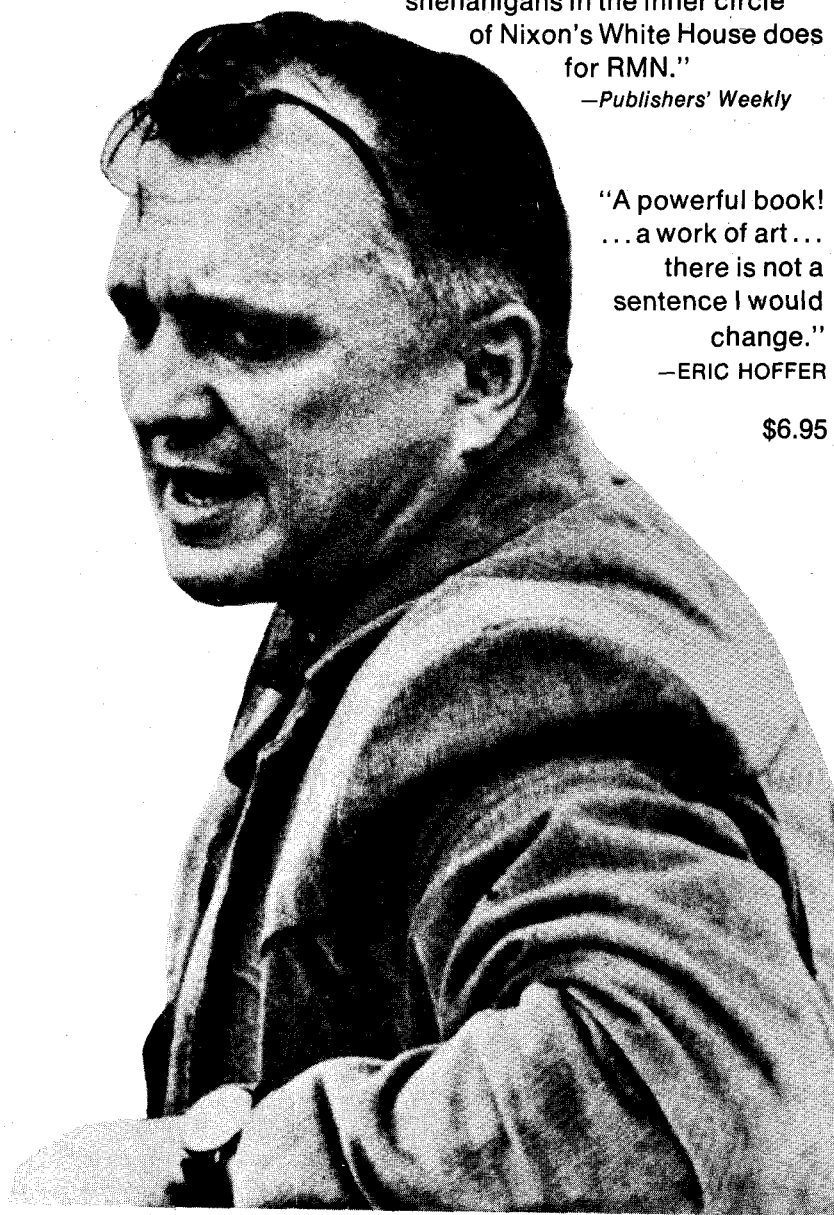
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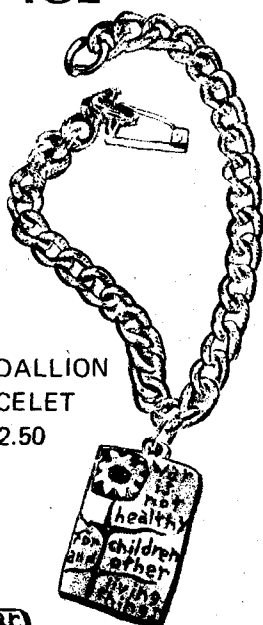


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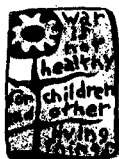
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The Obscure Sufferers

The Tenants by Bernard Malamud

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$6.95)

Bernard Malamud's new novel—or fable, since Malamud is as much fabulist as novelist—deals in a good many themes that are by now familiar in his work, but it also deals in race, and one can already hear the wolves snapping at his heels. A white novelist approaches that subject these days at his own peril, all the more so if he is a certifiably *important* white novelist, for the black critics and their allies on the left are relentless in pursuit of a literary *apartheid*. Indisputably *The Tenants* is fair game for such assaults, and as in the case of Styron's *Nat Turner* the criticism is not without validity. But Malamud's novel, like Styron's, is a serious and thoughtful piece of work, and it deserves to be assessed on grounds broader than such criticism ordinarily allows.

That Malamud would eventually write a "racial novel" has been fairly predictable. The subject arose in one of his earlier short stories, "Angel Levine," and again in "Black Is My Favorite Color"; neither is among his best work, but both clearly indicate that the question of black and white—more specifically, black and Jew—weighs heavily on Malamud's mind. Beyond that, he is increasingly preoccupied with issues of momentous if rather obvious import, as demonstrated in the only genuinely leaden novel he has written, *The Fixer*.

The Tenants is, happily, a considerable improvement over *The Fixer*. Malamud's is essentially a hard urban world of small struggles, and when he fled it for Tsarist Russia in *The Fixer* the humor and compassion that mark his work seemed mechanical rather than felt, probably because he was attempting to recreate an historical event rather than writing about people and places who live in his own imagination. In *The Tenants* he is back in gloomy, wintry New York streets, back among people whose sufferings are not cosmic but obscure, and his fiction springs back to life.

Harry Lesser is the sole remaining tenant of a decaying tenement on East Thirty-First Street, holding out against a landlord, Levenspiel, who wants to

tear the thing down and "set up a modern six-story apartment building, five floors of big-room flats over a line of nice stores, and make myself a comfortable life if that's still possible in the world of today." Lesser is a writer, straining in the tenth year of labor on his third novel, refusing to depart the place of the novel's birth until he can overcome a monumental writer's block and bring it to its fitting, as yet undiscovered, conclusion:

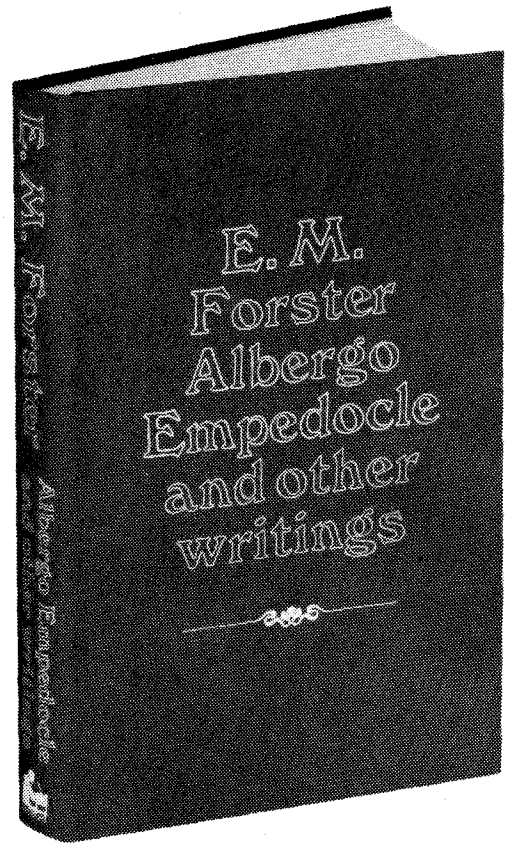
My deepest desire is to make my third my best. I want to be thought of as a going concern, not a freak who had published a good first novel and shot his wad.

His solitary creative anguish is invaded, however, by a large black named Willie Spearmint, whom Lesser discovers typing away in a nearby vacant apartment. Approaching each other warily, curiosity and hostility intermingled, the two fall into a relationship that is part an alliance of the mutually afflicted—for Willie's block is every bit as imposing as Harry's—and part a miniature racial war. When, after the two seem to have reached an accommodation of sorts, Harry steals Willie's white mistress, he is met with an act of retaliatory cruelty and the two men separate in mutual anger and despair, still drawn together as writers and even as men but divided by the chasm of race.

It is a short, tense tale—quite the briefest of Malamud's five novels—and told with the greatest economy. Malamud knows the difference between compassion and sentimentality, and as in the brilliant *The Assistant* he keeps his prose in tight control, stirring emotions without patronizing them. A writer in love with writing, he has written a book about its agonies and joys. In a splendid passage, quintessential Malamud in its gently self-mocking wit and depth of emotion, he describes Lesser at work:

Lesser, as he wrote, was sometimes a thundering locomotive, all cars at-

a unique glimpse
at the person
behind the art...



E. M. Forster's **Albergo Empedocle** and Other Writings

Surprisingly, many of the short stories and essays of E. M. Forster, one of the major novelists of the twentieth century, have remained unknown to the public until now. This historic collection contains his shorter works written between 1900 and 1915 and heretofore unpublished in book form. They represent Forster during his most creative period and, unhampered by the devices of fiction, they afford fresh revelations into Forster's personal vision: his ambivalent attitude toward bourgeois manners, his belief in spontaneity and inspirational power, his romance with Cambridge, and his sympathy for the mysticism of India. And in the title short story Forster, for the first time in his fiction, gives expression to a homosexual theme.

"Rich, gentle, acute, unnervingly prophetic..."—*Kirkus Reviews*

"Forster's keen eye for detail, his understanding, his almost impish humor and satire, are in abundant evidence. Plainly this was young Forster in process of finding himself, and one notes with a kind of rooting pleasure his progress... to those which mirror... his more mature genius."—*Publishers' Weekly*

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tached except caboose, cracking along the clicking tracks into a country whose topography he suspected but did not know till he got there. Lesser explorer. Lesser and Clark overland to Manifest Destiny. Or maybe Mississippi steamboat with booming, splashing paddlewheel, heartrending fog-horn, and other marvelous inventions. Not a bad metaphor, boat. Lesser in short-masted bark with a puff of wind in its sail on the Galilean Lake, trying to spy out on the apostolic shore what it's about. Lesser sculling on the Hudson, seeking Hendrik, listening to the booming bowls in the metaphysical hills; or rowing to music on the sweet-flowing Thames: he loved the moving English water. Better still, the artist as broad swirling river, flowing freely amid islands of experience, some dense green, luxuriant, treeful; others barren, soft sand with wet footprints; the flow embracing multifarious isles and islets, in flood tides spreading over each and all beyond both muddy riverbanks of life and death.

"Whereof my bowels shall sound like a harp" — Isaiah.

The pursuit of life through art is a

persistent theme in Malamud's fiction, and the disparate fashions in which Lesser and Spearmint follow it are affecting, often amusingly, portrayed: Lesser the passionate devotee of form and convention, Spearmint the free-wheeler who writes as a black "because I am black and what I have got to say means something different to black people than it does to whites, if you dig." Other Malamud themes appear: the universality of suffering, the yearning for "a new life," the barriers to love and the fragile constructs people erect to surmount them. *The Tenants* is very much in the Malamud tradition, and honorably so.

Still, it is going to be received in many quarters as a middle-aged, mildly conservative Jewish writer's Statement on the Racial Problem, and that is a sure way to get into trouble. To concede

a couple of points to such critics, the argot of Willie Spearmint and his black friends lapses too often into cliché — as if Malamud had transcribed Panther rhetoric from the six o'clock evening news — and there may be some unwitting condescension in the portrayal of Willie's attempts to win Harry's approval of his work.

What is most important, however, is that Malamud has gotten beneath the surface to make a real person in Willie Spearmint, a man driven to write and, like Lesser, up against the wall of his own limitations. The agony of the two writers is very real and, race notwithstanding, very mutual. *The Tenants* goes beyond race and fashionable ideology to say, as all Malamud's work does, that suffering and yearning cross all barriers.

Jonathan Yardley

Verse: A Muchness of Modernity

23 Modern British Poets

edited by John Matthias, Introduction by Peter Jay

(Swallow Press; \$10)

The Pleasures of Poetry by Donald Hall

(Harper and Row; \$1.95)

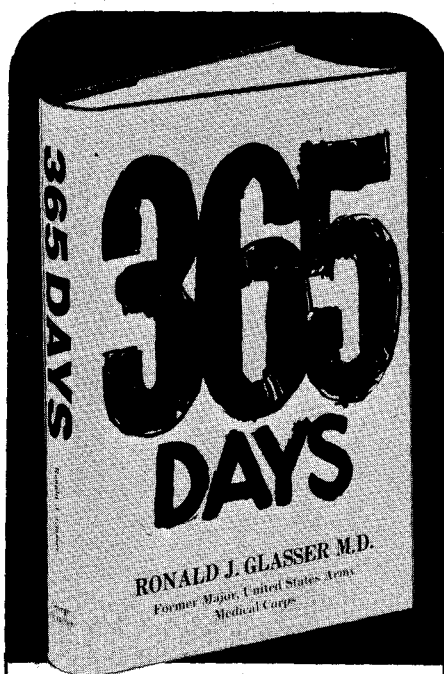
Transformations by Anne Sexton

(Houghton Mifflin; \$5)

Surely there can never have been a time — not at least since the School of Longfellow abandoned the curriculum — when so many people wrote so much poetry that was all alike. Today we have a real supermarket at the center of the ecosystem — full of brandnames but somehow, when you rip off the packaging for recycling looking like the usual and tasting the same — warm, bland and sweet. American, let's say.

The anthologies we have here, just off the shelf, make different approaches to the prevailing taste. I suppose the

motives behind the making of any anthology must be one or more of the following: a) to make a buck; b) to put before the reader work either unknown or neglected, and c) to publish and publicise oneself. It is to the credit of Messrs Matthias and Jay that the second motive in their case seems to prevail. The book is a splendid piece of book making for this age — good paper and binding, to begin with, and excellent type. There are a very few typos but considering the complexity of the job, the number is remarkably small.



"The last chapter is already justly famous. The rest of the book deserves to be. It will be, too."

—New York Times

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George Braziller New York

Minor matters, perhaps, but when one considers the ordinary printing and designing jobs most anthologies suffer, one can be a little more than grateful for what's here. And so here goes.

These poets are British. The oldest poet represented, David Jones, is 76; the youngest, Gavin Bantock and Lee Harwood, are both 32, and the remarkable thing is how little the old and the young differ in matters of technique and tradition, if that's the word. Now of course it seems more than probable that the editors deliberately planned their selections to that end; they declare at the start that the purpose of the book is, in part, to show that modern British poetry is indeed modern. By that they mean American, their distrust of better known British poets deriving from their contention that nothing can be good that is not modern and nothing modern that is not American. Passing over (mercifully) any discussion of the obligation to be modern and the distinctions between modern and mod, I of course come to that old chauvinist pig Amurkinism and how it grew up and haired over.

There seems to be a rumor around that it all began with Whitman, or if you want to be broadminded and hip, with Emerson. After all didn't the Great Father Ezra Himself call upon Walt and in reversion canonize him? What can a modern British poet who wants to be mod do but call upon the fathers, the apostolic succession? Emerson Whitman Pound Williams. These are the men who booked the first great ego-trips and whose pronouncements on matters of art, life and the forms of both have become the stuff of seminars and writers' conferences. Neruda rears his head in the middle distance, haiku and the inscrutable east mutter in the background, but beyond all these, first and foremost, is our old friend Amurkinism. The voice is Ezra's voice, but the hands are the hands of Olson.

It is, as in the dear dead era of "The Psalm of Life", a moral matter. Henry, thou shouldst be living at this hour. And I don't mean Thoreau. The aesthetic of this anthology is strict: correct ancestry and provenience, dogmatic choice of subject, total commitment to surfaces. The poets—with certain signal exceptions—have neither memory nor desire, in their poems at least; they have no use, or at any rate capacity, for metaphor; the broken parcel of images, the Olsonite "field", is what they seem to strive for. Moreover, in many cases their practice of "scatter-

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ing" the text, of a random-seeming dislocation of the line, goes along with a most simplistic, anarchic and dull syntax. Over and over I have sorted lines out like a deck of cards: it nearly always comes out iambic pentameter. Cummings did that sort of thing, but he did it as a kind of game, for delight and leg-pulling. Not so here. Cummings was after all a committed metricist, but these poets subscribe to the Williams doctrine. Or the Poundian.

But let me look for a moment at the other side of the coin: at, to begin with, the poets whom I particularly liked in this book, and those are, not necessarily in order, Hugh MacDiarmid, Basil Bunting and Gael Turnbull—the last named wholly new to me except as a name. They are very different: Bunting is the complete son of Ez; MacDiarmid is a loner, a complex, refractory and provoking sensibility whose 'Thirties Marxism strikes one as irritating and old-fashioned yet whose language, syntax and music, whose human voice, remains in the memory long after the reading. The ballad-like "O wha's the bride" has the authenticity and direct power of its deep source and an additional irony, a dramatic turn, all done in the simplest way. No elaborate computers at work in the air-conditioned tower. By contrast, the conversational, resonant, tough "Second hymn to Lenin" deals most unfashionably with the relationship of art and life and politics, ending with an affirmation, achieved, not willed. And throughout the poems included in this too brief selection one feels a mind and imagination at work, "a man speaking to men" as that old purveyor of the ego-tistical-sublime Wordsworth characterised the poet's job.

Gael Turnbull alone of the other poets here seems to me to work that way: in his "Twenty words/Twenty days," despite some rough spots, and a slight tendency towards that contemporary vice of free-floating unattributed quotation, Turnbull himself speaks aloud and we overhear. Experience comes to us through the tough, gentle, appetitive and curious imagination of the poet, speaking to us in a voice at once authentically human and yet formal. We meet and listen to a man, not an ego. The verse is usually muscular, driving forward, without the flaccidity or the mere "visualness" of most of the linear patterns (I don't dare say meters) to be found in the book. An instructive comparison: Turnbull and another of

the poets represented here, Nathaniel Tarn. The latter writes long lines too, but they are frequently bastard Whitman or Olson or Pound – the entire mod pantheon booming, vibes and all. Turnbull, like MacDiarmid, is his own man speaking in his own voice (not of course that they are alike in any apparent way). Both speak like men who have felt and thought and done – who, in effect, can draw not only on books and mere ideas but on a conduct of life and living. Both are Scots; both share that earthiness and abstracting bent which keeps their poetry at once native and stranger.

It is different with David Jones, the Welshman. A cult hero whom Auden has magisterially elevated to the ranks of the immortals, Jones seems to me to have done his best work by far in parts of *In Parenthesis*, a long poem that derives from his experience in the first World War. Rather than confuse or condemn, I say only that if that is the kind of thing you like, you'll like that kind of thing. So I go to Basil Bunting with a similar but qualified caveat.

Too Much Pound. The old marplot and catch-phrasemaker is with us still, the poet in him got lost somewhere. Bunting's "Brigg-flats," the most Poundian of his works – and I hasten to add that I have not read all of it but a lot more than is included here in this anthology – is most uneven but has fine things, one of them the section the editors have chosen. I suppose that, after the randomness that I would fault in the work, it is the constricted, grinding verse that puts me off. Nonetheless, here is a selection of interesting, sometimes powerful, poetry; it may not be everybody's kind of poetry but poetry it is.

I wish I could feel that way about more of the poets in the book. Many of them strike me as simply unformed and derivative, with the interchangeable accents of a common source. Two, Tomlinson and Hughes, are well-known to readers of contemporary verse and the selections the editors have given us do not, I think, quite do them justice. Arbitrarily, it would seem, Jay associates Tomlinson's painting with his poetry – chiefly because there are a lot of visual images in the poems, as though visual imagery were not the heart of the modern matter. This sort of miracle-fabric "ut pictura poesis" just won't do; it doesn't any more now than it did then. And to take Hughes' statement about language and poetry (that language is no longer national but "an ambas-

sador of something far greater than itself... a universal language of understanding, coherent behind the many languages, in which we can all hope to meet") is to mistake utterly the nature of human speech and to confound it with politics, communications and electronics. I hope Hughes was only spit-balling at the time; such aid and comfort to Messrs. Steiner and Chomsky may seem chic but it won't do. Either the language a poet uses is "the dialect of the tribe" brought to formal perfection (as such things go) or it is Pentagon print-out.

But never mind. The editors have given us a book far more rewarding and worth keeping than most anthologies. Would that I could say anything like that about Donald Hall and what he has done. What he has done is to provide us in *The Pleasures of Poetry* a program to live up English class: "poetry is a pleasure, like making love." The first selection is "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day" and we end up with the Beatles' "I am the walrus," so swing your partners.

What is this book for? For whom is this book? I think Hall intends it as a classroom text because he calls it "a text and anthology... to introduce poetry to the beginner." But where will it all end? Not that Mr. Hall's taste in standard poetic products is all in his mouth; very good stuff here but, with the exception of Shakespeare, not enough by any single poet. Still, no anthology can do everything and I would not complain if Hall's nine (9) sections of hortatory and explicatory remarks, though conceivably helpful to some "beginner" were not of an archness that one associates strictly with poetry clubs and treacle. Not that all of the prose is of that order: much of it derives from Brooks and Warren, or other texts of the late lamented New Criticism. And Hall says some things about certain passages that might open someone's ears and eyes. I really can't say. I simply found the tone coy and the attitude condescending and I think young readers would, too. The worst section, the last, called "Question Period" I find a bad lapse of taste. Perhaps in the cosy atmosphere of an intimate reading of beautiful verse, it would go down. But not in brute print, thanks.

And anyone who really commits himself to it knows that print is brutal indeed. Damn these ancients: they have stolen all my best thoughts! The enormous pressures brought to bear on the

"successful" poet – pressures which urge towards novelty and incessant change – exact a toll, do great harm. Or so it seems to me. Poets have to re-tool every time they sit down to write; they must keep up with what everyone else is doing everywhere in many languages. Not much time left for finding out, by means of the poem, what it is one really knows and maybe loves. So much art, in the large sense, is today Cult that true excellence not only rarely appears; it is, in the realm of Cult, a positive hindrance. What most "readers" want is recognition-signals, "life-styles", beards beads and foulmouth. It has always been so when the audience or public is large and hence conformist. A poet like Anne Sexton becomes a Cult figure so rapidly and completely that the gurus at Houghton Mifflin have coupled her, in this book, with Kurt Vonnegut Junior, in a marriage *à la mode* surely made in heaven, from the PR man's point of view, but the sort of thing that the poet has to fight, poem by poem.

Mrs. Sexton's way of fighting is instructive. We have here a kind of lady-verse that by Femlib injection and manic therapy has turned the old sentimentality inside out and shows that under the circumstances the weather inside is about the same as out. The poems have a formula: versions of Grimm's tales, each with a kind of preamble which is by turns anecdotal, personal, anagogical-allegorical. The poet speaks in her own voice and also in the voice of "us" – the now people. All the tales skirt the edge of the fanciful-psychoanalytical but never fall over; with considerable tact and some humor the poet keeps her exemplary tales low-keyed, ironic, almost witty. The confessional vein which she worked in her previous books has temporarily run out, but one still finds many tics and tricks of the confessional manner. Sylvia Plath haunts these pages, I think, in certain tricks of expression: the "little plum", "my bubbler, my chicken biddy" as well as in the dominating presence of a sick soul. Everything here is ugly, particularly beauty.

One of Mrs. Sexton's most conscious and at once most tedious and inventive devices is the strained comparison. In this she again takes a cue from Sylvia Plath, but Sexton's use of the device is incessant and finally, in my opinion, betrays the poet into mere fancifulness; she obviously so enjoys the shock value of her knocked-out comparisons that the reader (this one anyhow) finds both tone and fundamental intent seriously

hurt. You can take "a diamond the size of a plum" or "he wanted to lap/ Her up like strawberry preserve" and see plainly that not only is tone all-important but that such comparisons are pretty routine and don't involve imagination or even fancy, let alone the visual sense: they are almost automatic tricks. And if only she wouldn't keep watching herself perform: "... he made the best of it like a switch hitter"; "red as the Swiss flag"; "red as the Jap flag"; "worn as an old Jockstrap", "as warm as a specimen". All these seem to me fanciful and strained, the result of

the compulsion to sound original and up to date. Modernity is, if a desirable quality in a poet's work, an emanation, not a blast. There are too many brand names and arch anticlimaxes for my taste: "To die and never see Brooklyn" or "His head is okay/ but the rest of him wasn't Sanforized."

It is a bit unfair to isolate bits and pieces like this, particularly since some of these poems display a considerable anecdotal, even narrative, strength. If we have come to expect of Mrs. Sexton a large dose of self-pity and sessions in the confessional, we might be surprised

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by what this book offers. I consider it a growth of the poet's mind and strength, in that she has attempted not just something new which of course everyone does, but something that seems difficult for her, one would have thought. Though the old angst and terror are still there, a new (I think) objectivity – a distancing – has made another kind of writing available to her. What has supervened is a sense of poetry as "the supreme fiction" and I for one welcome what I think I find here. Now if Mrs. Sexton can develop a sense of the line. . . . I don't see why most of these

poems shouldn't be written out straight, really. And if she'll stop packing in the hip allusions and references and top names – it's really only a kind of nervous tic but one can't help watching it. For all this and that, though, *Transformations* is a really interesting book. Not many books are, least of all poetry books. I'd say that Mrs. Sexton is all the way back from Bedlam as a poet and the next book ought to be worth waiting for. But a little more language and more line, Mrs. Sexton please. You know you can do it.

Louis Coxé

L'Affaire Solzhenitsyn

Solzhenitsyn: A Documentary Record Edited by Leopold Labedz

(Harper & Row; \$7.95)

Since 1962, when Alexander Solzhenitsyn broke the stupefying silence about Stalin's concentration camps, *l'affaire Solzhenitsyn* has generated controversy. Masses of documents have accreted to his short novel, *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*. Most of these documents are extraliterary: manifestoes and counter-manifestoes, protests and rebuttals, eulogies and denunciations.

Premier Khrushchev was guided by political motives when he ordered the publication of the novel in 1962. Then under fire in the Kremlin for his de-Stalinization policies, he hoped to strike a blow at his competitors. Liberals in Russia misread his action as a signal that the crimes of the Stalin era would at last be fully and publicly exposed, together with some of their most wicked executioners. But Khrushchev, and his successors, gradually began to perceive that such disclosures inexorably pointed to their own complicity. *One Day*, Solzhenitsyn's only major work to be published in Russia, was removed from libraries and reading rooms, and its topic officially declared a "dangerous theme."

Leopold Labedz' brilliantly conceived

selection of Solzhenitsyn documents is, in essence, a chronicle of Russia's public and private response to *One Day*, and to the coruscating issue of Stalinism. On one level, the Soviet press registered the reflex of instant and extravagant compliance to the order of the day that is automatic among bureaucrats, journalists and critics who acquired their professions under Stalin. Since the appearance of *One Day* seemed to promise punishment for those immediately responsible for the imprisonment of writers like Solzhenitsyn, Isaac Babel, Osip Mandelstam, Boris Pilnyak and thousands of others, these persons were the first to speak up. The archetypal response came from the critic Vladimir Ermilov, the most notorious of Stalin's "literary" denunciators. Ermilov declared in *Pravda*: "In our literature there has come a writer gifted with a rare talent, and as befits a real artist, he has told us a truth that cannot be forgotten, that must not be forgotten, a truth that is staring us in the face."

Khrushchev's recognition of his folly in having published *One Day*, and Brezhnev's subsequent ban on all Solzhenitsyn's work, have resulted

in an increasing flow of polluted verbiage that threatens, like the earlier praise, to engulf the genuine writer concerned. Even Americans, benumbed by the invective and obscenity in our own literature, must be impressed by the singular squalor of this journey through modern Soviet letters. But apart from the official cant and the vituperation, there exists a deep underlay of genuine feeling, both for and against Solzhenitsyn in the private sphere. Testifying to this is a remarkable document, edited by Solzhenitsyn, that circulates from hand to hand in Russia. It is a selection from some of the personal letters the author received in response to *One Day*. Half the correspondents are former or present-day prisoners in Soviet camps. The others are former or present-day camp guards and other Soviet security police personnel. These letters constitute a *sotto voce* dialogue between victims and executioners that is likely to be carried on in Russia for some time. It is accompanied by Solzhenitsyn's own brief and often sardonic commentary.

In writing to Solzhenitsyn, many ex-prisoners literally identify themselves with the characters in the novel: "Ivan Denisovich. That's me, SZ-208. And I can give all the characters real names." Others offer thanks: "It has so much life, so much pain, that one's heart might stop beating. People who have not been there exclaim in horror. Now, just a little sympathy for those who perished is beginning to penetrate such people." Or: "I am astonished that they have not yet put you and Tvardovsky away." (Alexander Tvardovsky, the editor of *Novy Mir*, was the first to publish *One Day*. He was dismissed from his post in 1970.) Solzhenitsyn's comment: "We are surprised too."

The prisoners writing from today's camps are generally angry. One writes: "You at least were allowed to receive parcels and earn extra bread. Why does no one deign to come to a camp and see who is inside? Once you have decided to reveal the truth, you should take it through to the end."

There follow the letters from "practical workers." Who? Solzhenitsyn explains: "It turns out that this is how camp guards style themselves. The description is priceless." Here there is no trace of the artificially generated indignation that prevails in the Soviet press – only pure, spontaneous hatred: "He deliberately incites the people against the organs of the Security Police Ministry. It's a disgrace!"

Solzhenitsyn: "Hear that! A disgrace! It was all right to torment people in camps for 40 years, but to publish a story about it is a disgrace!"

Another guard: "Why do we have to make a big fuss over what was done during the personality cult? The unmasking of illegal acts is like an epidemic. Perhaps Stalin and his toadies

invented the class enemy as well?"

Solzhenitsyn: "Who else?"

There is nothing anyone outside the Soviet Union can add to such judgments. Except perhaps to take note of a peasant proverb from which Solzhenitsyn may derive a measure of comfort: "What has been written with a pen cannot be hacked away with an axe."

Patricia Blake

A Dark Eminence

The Vertical Smile by Richard Condon

(Dial; \$7.95)

The Jupiter Crisis by William Harrington

(David McKay; \$6.95)

Deep Cover by Brian Garfield

(Delacorte; \$7.95)

There's a sadly unpatriotic theme now floating through many of our WW III, end-of-the-world thrillers, to the effect that our nation's highest leaders are corruptible. Let us not ask how this sadness crept in upon the genre, but here are three recent publications all bearing the news, though with uneven editorial intensity. Two of the books are as plodding as the end of the world can get, which is surprisingly plodding, but one is an amazing failure by a misanthropic genius, a book that will linger as a landmark of ferocity, and devastate the genre further, if that can be.

The most plodding is William Harrington's *The Jupiter Crisis*, in which our own President turns out to be an agent of the foe. Reading it is like eating a new oatmeal made of the old Hiss-Chambers mash. Harrington's anti-Communist stance is strong and virile; the Soviet Communists remain the primary manipulators, and American followers their dupes; but the chicanery in the White House is too sticky to ignore and does rather undercut the better-dead-than-red motif that traditionally

fills such fictions.

Next ploddingest is Brian Garfield's *Deep Cover*, which has the considerable merit for liberals of turning most of Arizona and its ICBM complex over to the Russians. Both Garfield and Harrington seem to think that the Soviets want merely to use us to get at their real foe, China, and both these authors are loyal to the principles of free enterprise and democratic muscle. Yet by giving us in one novel a weak and corruptible president, and in the other a military-industrial complex infiltrated by several hundred Soviet agents all living comfortably in Tucson and watching *Lucy*, they manage to raise a small doubt about the strength, intelligence and/or virtue of the American establishment. Garfield has a noble senator for a hero, which is his primary way of redemption (also he has several Russians coming to believe in the American Way), but Harrington can't find much that is noble or moral where the power is; he depends instead on a determined young private man, a reporter with a conscience, to bring the truth to light and

force the President's resignation.

I may be wrong to describe Richard Condon as a misanthrope – for he creates a character or two towards whom he displays warmth – but genius does not seem too strong a word to describe the intellectual and verbal intensity he brings to this eccentric extravaganza. I remember his success of a few years ago, *The Manchurian Candidate*, only mistily, but of one thing I remain sure: it was a staggerer. It did brainwash as nobody had or has done brainwash, and it also incidentally helped pave the way for the prominence now being accorded the Chinese as genre villains. *The Vertical Smile* is not equal to *The Manchurian Candidate* as a thriller, but it is an extremely effective defoliant, a genuine Dow-Monsanto witherer; it should not be sold in stores but sprayed from planes. In terms of character and plot, theme and moral, generalization and detail its cynical outrageousness is such that nobody reading it who is also a writer about spies and bombs and presidents and behind-the-scenes bankers will ever readily write an easy corrupt sentence again.

And yet Condon isn't even committed to a story with the big bomb. The scene is 1972 election time, with an imbecile by the name of (Funky) Dunc Mulligan as the prime presidential candidate, and a big family argument rather than a chase or shoot-out at the story's center. In what sense, then, is it an end-of-the-world novel? Only because there is nothing left of the world – at least the American world – when Condon is through. Condon is serious, angry, gloomy, despairing – in fact he has lost his temper, which is why the book fails; his tremendous wit is all for sour, an indulgence of black humor that would do for a short piece but becomes grotesque in 334 pages. The sampling could be endless:

He looked downward through the window to watch the brokers of the New York Narcotics Exchange as they traded cocaine futures and methadone shares in the cool of the late afternoon.

"... the Republican Party wants you to stop sleeping with a woman who is in her sixty-ninth year."

... she asked Bergdorf, Gallanos, and Bendel to send their ideas-in-black to her at Frank E. Campbell's Funeral Home where the elite meet to delete.

Mr. Heller's *Levator labii superioris* elevated his upper lip abruptly, car-

rying it at the same time a little forward, as his *Levator anguli oris* pulled upward to raise the angle of the corners of the mouth and the *Zygomaticus major* came simultaneously into play with the other muscles, drawing the angle of the mouth fully backward and upward to achieve his very own version of what he liked to think of as a smile, all of it given the stamp of his Republican-leader personality by a great deal of hard work by the superficial surface of the subcutaneous adipose tissue around the malar bone and the Masseter and Buccinator muscles.

All this play is, one can at times only assert as an article of faith in the man, deeply felt in the sense of being part of his grand disillusionment. He is fed up with Washington, capitalism, youth, sex, drugs, the media and novels like his own. He can't abide the American spirit as it surrounds him daily (the dustjacket blurb has him living in Ireland now, but he knows his Manhattan and he has put in the necessary centuries boning up on every possible American banality or threat to human well being), and he just had to get the venom out of his system, which he does. But as a confirmed ironist he is not personally easy to locate amid his witticisms and wretched characters; I'd say that he surfaces for sure only once, in the person of Botolph Noon, when Botolph makes a speech beginning with the premise that we must eliminate either scientists or politicians. Why? Because "the politician is the natural enemy of man, the worst predator because he preys upon his own species with a form of cannibalism which is without precedent among life-forms," and because the scientists - of Apollo Thirteen as a sample - jettisoned a "cannister containing eight-point-six pounds of deadly, deadly, *deadly* plutonium . . . [which] will shimmer out into the floor of the sea, then begin to work. The probabilities of genetic damage are incalculable." I had never heard a word about the cannister myself, and such are the vagaries of Condon fiction that I still don't know whether he made it up, but of one thing I am confident: he *believes* speaker Botolph's premise about the politicians and scientists. He also believes with Botolph that the rest of us in this country have become largely killers or victims, and he thinks that our "prodigious Over Communication System" has "washed away our ability to think," so that "all catastrophe happening directly to us" has become "just another

motion picture." What to do? - Botolph proposes a drastically undemocratic, non-Capitalist and unAmerican solution that I assume Condon did not supply idly:

"Throughout the life of our republic we have had to rely upon the unwisdom of farmers, the inexperience of lawyers, and the selfishness of lobbies as representatives of government. The cost of this in lives, money, and real security - not cloak-and-dagger security - has been appalling. The socially enervating priest class was weeded out when they were seen to be a social disease, but the amateur man of government is a deadlier enemy than the priest was to our survival. He must be phased out at a far more accelerated rate. These ignorant and professionally invidious men were educated to specialties which have nothing whatever to do with training for government. Flour salesmen, ex-school teachers, army generals, country squires, former judges, and failed lawyers must be replaced by specially educated political scientists who have been highly trained in the history, processes, and practices of complex modern government. No one must be allowed to place his name for

election to any office without being required by law to produce proof of his completed education for government if we are not to perish from this earth - bilked and bled, deceived and atomized. The improvising politician class must go.

Elsewhere in the volume the gloom is so great about humanity that I suppose Condon must think of his character Botolph as a nice but naive utopist. Nonetheless his drift is with Botolph toward putting a few *minds* in charge. Why is Dunc Mulligan presidential material? Because he is a ten-times lower common denominator than deToqueville could have conceived. Condon won't let that theme go: that the worst always in all respects assumes ascendancy. His vision is like Gulliver's after his visit to the Hhouynhnms, but focussed on the aberrant American condition with sex, war, idiocy and the dollar in charge. Condon has a marvelous sense of detail, and his hell imagery, particularly with respect to military and sexual "hardware," would have astonished Dante or Breughel. And yet it is all too much; the story stalls in its own decor. My guess is that Condon has had it with the genre itself, and this is his way of moving on - to what and where I wouldn't know. A large talent in limbo.

Reed Whittemore

Psychology Without A Psyche

Beyond Freedom and Dignity

By B. F. Skinner

(Knopf; \$6.95)

Behaviorism is a scientific theory that takes as its domain the behavior of living organisms and tries to explain how they learn this behavior and how it changes. Most of its experimental work has been done on laboratory animals like rats and pigeons, and it has discovered a number of interesting simple truths that would have been quite hard to get at systematically by the study of more complicated organisms like people. There is little doubt,

however, that these truths are just as true of people as they are of laboratory animals; if a rat gets frustrated when its food is never in the same place twice, or tends to do something more promptly the second time if it is rewarded the first time, the same probably holds of a man. Professor Skinner's point in this book is that in our personal and social practice we have hardly begun to learn even the most elementary lessons of behaviorism, but that enough is now

known about the ways in which the environment determines behavior to make possible a genuine technology of social change. He rightly perceives that such a technology will be violently resisted, but he does not see how we can expect to cope with our crises if something like it is not accepted. As to resistance, behaviorism encountered that from the beginning, and the reasons for this must be understood if it is in fact to make a contribution to solving social problems. Unfortunately Professor Skinner's behavior in writing and publishing this book suggests that he does not fully understand the nature of the resistance, or if he does that he has failed to put his own theory into practice.

Human beings are not only agents, they are also objects. If dropped from towers they will fall 400 feet in the first five seconds, if crushed between massive jaws they will tear and crack according to the tensile and shear properties of the stuff they are made of. We do not study the acceleration of gravity or the strength of materials with human subjects but with ball-bearings and metal rods, yet nobody will refuse to believe that the laws thus discovered would, in the unfortunate event that they were tested on him, continue to apply. Similarly the laws of genetics derived from the study of sweet peas and fruitflies are unhesitatingly accepted as true of human populations. Why then should we be so reluctant to agree that where learning and responsive behavior are concerned we are, at the elementary level, just like rats and pigeons? The reason is, of course, that behaviorism is not a physical or biological theory but a psychological one, and that whereas bodies and genes are things that we *have* (and therefore can't help) our actions are things that we *do* and have always been thought of as reflecting what we *are*. Behaviorism moreover takes a polemical position in psychology, maintaining that behavior is a product of genetics and environment and denying that desires and feelings and attitudes, mind or personality or character, have any role in determining what men do or any existence in the world of facts. It is psychology without a psyche, and if it gets a hold at the elementary level who is to say that it will not eventually appropriate everything – not only learning simple tasks but also performing noble deeds and creating great works? If they are nothing more than

genetics and environment, what becomes of Man?

What has actually become of Man, of course, is that he has got himself into a complicated and possibly irreversible mess, so that some change in his conception of himself may be in order. Such a change is indeed taking place; thanks to the ethologists (who might have been called behaviorists themselves if Watson and Skinner had not preempted the term) there is an increased willingness to admit the animal nature of man, although this has come about less through the realization that we are like dolphins and geese and chimpanzees than through the discovery that they are like us. This is much nicer for everybody and does not raise people's hackles. The trouble with Professor Skinner's book, as with behaviorist literature in general, is that it seems to be designed to raise people's hackles. Consider its main thrust – an attack on the concepts of human freedom and human dignity and on the literature that embodies them. Professor Skinner must know that even if these concepts are inappropriate they are not neutral but arouse passions, especially in people who think their government and way of life are

designed to protect such values; he must know that an attack on them will produce what he calls "aversive reactions"; he must know that books which produce aversive reactions are less effective in changing behavior than books which don't. Yet he marches into the temple of Western humanism and lays about him, in the grand tradition of anti-metaphysical positivism.

That allusion, perhaps, catches one source of the trouble: while the content of what Professor Skinner has to say is as urgent as ever, the rhetoric is out of date. There are other problems: the argumentation is often sloppy, the sensibility often philistine, the language often eccentric. To begin with the last of these criticisms: apart from the behavioristically counterproductive strategy of scaring people out of their wits by constantly talking about "control" – "nothing is to be gained by using a softer word," says Skinner – he gives some truly extraordinary translations of common terms, especially in the domain of value, which on the whole he seems to understand least of all the subjects he touches; for example "'to get to Boston you should (you ought to) follow route 1' is simply a way of saying, 'if you will be reinforced



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by reaching Boston, you will be reinforced if you follow route 1." Reinforcement is of course the great thing, and from being (as I thought it used to be) something that happens to responses or forms of behavior it becomes for Skinner something that happens to people. Then there are his odd references to irrelevant etymologies, the oddest of which I cite because it illustrates well a kind of disconnectedness of style that at times is positively bewildering: "To be excessively controlled by sexual reinforcement is to be 'infatuated,' and the etymology of the word was memorialized by Kipling in two famous lines: 'A fool there was and he made his prayer/ To a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair....'" Granted that "infatuated" means "rendered foolish," still if this is a memorialization of its etymology then "the boy stood on the burning deck" is a memorialization of the etymology of "paedobaptist." And besides, what does Kipling have to do with sexual reinforcement?

This brings me conveniently to a nice illustration of apparently inconsistent argument. "Heterosexual behavior is impossible when the sexes are segregated," says Skinner firmly, "and the vicarious sexual behavior evoked by pornography is impossible in the absence of pornographic material"; but on the next page he tells us that "Saint Paul recommended marriage as a means of reducing objectionable forms of sexual behavior, and pornography has been recommended for the same reasons." Is he taking a coherent position on pornography? Does it encourage or reduce sexual behavior? It is hard to tell.

Standing back a bit from the rambling details one can, of course, grasp the main point, which is that the concepts of freedom and dignity, as embodied in their "literature," hinder rather than help the design of a new culture along behaviorist lines, without which things will go from bad to worse. But by the time he gets through Skinner has practically neutralized his own argument, partly by oversimplifying the problem and overstating the remedy, partly by indulging in defensive digressions about how people have misunderstood behaviorism. Of course Skinner thinks that human conduct is regarded as essentially simple by all but the behaviorists: "The really great oversimplification is the traditional appeal to states of mind, feelings, and other aspects of the autonomous man which

a behavioral analysis is replacing. The ease with which mentalistic explanations can be invented on the spot is perhaps the best gauge of how little attention we should pay to them." Well, I had an aunt who used to invent behavioristic explanations on the spot; she used to say, if I behaved badly, that I had got out of the wrong side of the bed. That is the level Skinner seems to be criticizing, but all "mentalistic" explanations are not so simple. Has he read, for example, Flaubert?

It is clear that, if we look only at simple behavior, satisfactory explanations of a positivist kind can be given without alluding to mentalistic categories. It is not legitimate to argue that this will necessarily be true of more complex behavior on the grounds of a mere extrapolation from the simple. In fact Skinner himself uses quite naturally a mentalistic vocabulary; he says he could have written the book for "a technical reader" without expressions like "keeping a point in mind," "considering the idea," and so on, but I don't believe him. At any rate it would have sounded pretty silly, if not downright aversive. The vocabulary we use to talk about ourselves is mentalistic because the word "mental" describes what we call thinking and feeling, desiring and regretting, etc.; these are facts of our experience whatever their explanation, and there is no point in abolishing their names.

One of Skinner's early arguments could be used without too much unfairness as a summary of the book. It goes like this: physics used to attribute human characteristics to physical objects (such as growing more jubilant as they approached their natural places); only when it stopped doing this did scientific progress follow. Would not scientific progress follow in psychology if we could stop attributing human characteristics to human beings? He does not, naturally, put it quite in those terms, but I have given the structural essence of the matter. The basic problem is I think his failure to allow for the internal complexity of the human, even on a physical level; if we admit that what we call autonomy, feeling and the rest is the product of such internal complexity, still that does not reduce our behavior to interaction with the external environment. A lot goes on inside our skulls that never shows up in behavior at all. And something inside my skull is reluctant to accept the simple, unproblematic world that Skinner offers, not just because it doesn't like it but because it thinks

it all wrong for people whose skulls contain similarly complex apparatus. Perhaps it is a matter of what we unregenerates call temperament. Skinner quotes T. H. Huxley as saying: "If some great power would agree to make me always think what is true and do what is right, on condition of being some sort of a clock and wound up every morning before I got out of bed, I should close instantly with the offer." Now T. H. Huxley was an idol of my scientific youth; but when I read this I immediately thought of another quotation which, when I came across it somewhat later, moved me far more. It was from Kierkegaard's *Theses Attributable to Lessing*: "If God held all truth concealed in his right hand, and in his left hand the persistent striving for the truth, and while warning me against eternal error, should say: Choose! I should humbly bow before his left hand, and say: 'Father, forgive! The pure truth is for Thee alone.'" If we allow the theology in the two passages to cancel itself out, and discount the touch of romantic melodrama in Lessing, this gives us a clean opposition between behaviorism and what for want of a better word (although we certainly need a better word) we may still call humanism. Behaviorism cannot yet account for the quality of the experience of seeing that what Lessing says is beautiful and that what Huxley says - at least in this passage - is trite. Until it can, while we must no doubt learn to use our freedom more wisely, exchanging any of it for Skinnerian control would be a retreat from the human.

Peter Caws

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

PATRICIA BLAKE is completing a biography of Solzhenitsyn. PETER CAWS teaches philosophy at Hunter College. Poet LOUIS COXE, who teaches at Bowdoin, is Fulbrighting for 1971-2 in Aix-en-Provence. RICHARD DUDMAN, chief of the Washington Bureau of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, is the author of *40 Days with the Enemy*. SIMON LAZARUS practices law in Cambridge, Mass. Historian DONALD MEYER is a professor at Wesleyan University. PATRICK O'DONOVAN writes for *The Observer* (London). JOHN SEELYE's novel, *The Kid*, will be published in February (Viking). JAY WRIGHT taught at Princeton last year and is spending 1971-2 in France. JONATHAN YARDLEY is book review editor of the *Greensboro Daily News*. DAVID P. YOUNG teaches at Oberlin.

Unsafe Revolution

Something Beautiful For God by Malcolm Muggeridge

(Harper & Row; \$5.95)

It is occasionally difficult to separate the judgment of the excellence of a book from the importance of its subject. It is true that books about greatness are not thereby made great. And books about good men tend to be bad. But then comes a book like this which daunts, overwhelms, disturbs and gives no noticeable literary delight. It is not intended to. Its literary merit is irrelevant and does not matter a damn.

It is written by a man who has never been noted for public humility and who displays a mixture of admiration and love for the subject and of contempt for himself. It is about an eccentric Roman Catholic nun who has done the oldest thing in Christianity, which is to see God in the poor, the unpleasantly sick and the dying. And to act upon that incredible notion.

Malcolm Muggeridge is himself rather incredible. He holds a strange place in Britain. He is a vastly experienced journalist, has seen the world at its worst and at what passes for its best. He is a plentiful writer who possesses the indefinable gift of never being boring. He has held executive positions in the Trade. He has even edited *Punch*. He has never been slow to change his opinions and fundamentally at that. He has in his time believed in a large number of the things that are available to be believed in. But in this there has never been a suggestion of dishonesty, time serving or light-mindedness. And in private he is a little, spry, skeptical, grey-haired man, a freshet of good and witty talk, with the rare good manners of a civilized man. In any *galere* of friends, he is the collector's item.

He is a brilliant performer on television and he uses his place at the little window to rail at the watching world. And, in Britain, at least, it does watch. He assumes the dignity and authority of old age. He delights to excoriate his own times and most of history. He presents himself as a God-haunted man — and he certainly is — who can find no place in any institutional Church. He regards the Roman Church as burdened by an unforgivable history and as ab-

surdly bent on a form of modish self-destruction. Despite the temptations of certitude, he can find no harbor there.

He has nothing good to say of the flesh, its weakness for sex, food and booze. His version of swinging Britain is of one self-suspended from a gibbet. And he not only condemns the permissive fashions of the time, he laughs at them. He is equally skeptical about such sacred myths as the Monarchy and the Kennedys. The result is that it is not fashionable to write a good word about him. He is derided, as St. Mug, as the Guru, dismissed as "old Malcolm at it again" and he shows no sign of caring. He is a brave man who says precisely what he thinks and what he thinks fits into no contemporary slot.

I have gone on about Mr. Muggeridge because his fastidious personal back-

ground is essential to the book. He met Mother Teresa in the course of interviewing her for TV. And TV is a medium for which he has an educated contempt, but he was overwhelmed by her. He and the technicians thought it a lousy program, but they did show it and the money, unasked for, poured in for the nun's work. Something about her, even on the screen, moved all manner of men.

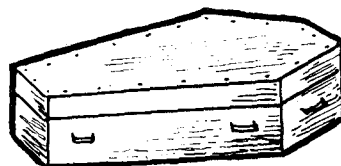
Mother Teresa was born in 1910 in Skopje in the Albanian part of Yugoslavia. She was a Catholic and early felt a vocation to do something for the poor. In the end she joined a Yugoslav mission that started a school in Calcutta, known as the Loreto convent, that taught moderately upper-class Indian girls. She was a great success but decided that conventional teaching was not her vocation. In two years she got permission from her multitudinous religious superiors to quit her convent and start on her own. She took some basic medical instruction and left with a few rupees and took lodging in the slums of Calcutta.

So far it is a conventionally pious story. But out of her first small five-child school she built up an organization — and that is not the apt word — that cares for those who have been

"Locking the stable after the horses escape, is no solution to the problem."

Why did FDA use its staff to harass health food people, instead of carefully inspecting plants that could, accidentally, produce...

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And why did FDA allow cancer-suspect cyclamates to be sold for 20 years? How about the \$287,000,00 raked-in by one FDA official? Why did an FDA-william — good, rich and deceitful in manner — spread lies against health food people? Was this a smoke screen to hide "payola"? In his new book, *The Dictocrats*, Omar V.

Garrison tears apart the bureaucratic machinery that no longer serves us — but tries to run our lives. **The Dictocrats** will open your eyes to a bad situation that needs correcting. At bookstores, or send \$1.25 to:

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stranded, far beyond the reach of charity, in the most dreadful city in the whole world. The horror of this vast place is no fault of its own. It is a place where all the miseries of the world seem to come together in a travesty of a "happening" and to lie exposed on the broken pavements. Any visiting voyeur can watch death in action here.

The Indian authorities have been good to this awkward woman. They have not resented her intrusion or her unsought publicity. They gave her a rest hall attached to a Temple of the Goddess Kali, she of the rosary of human skulls who is the patron of death – and here Sister Teresa opened a Home for the Dying, that is, for humans who have been refused by hospitals, those who are shaped like insects, with the skull already terribly apparent, are treated, not as "terminal cases," but as God on the cross.

How unfashionable can you get? But Mother Teresa has been a success. She has founded her own order of nuns and priests. While the old and noble religious orders of Christendom fail and grow weak for lack of postulants, hers grows and spreads across the world. She now cares for unwanted babies, for orphans, for lepers.

She is in fact quite ineffectual at the foot of the topless cliff of Indian suffering, but she embraces failure. Her work springs from her religion and she will dandle a baby that any fisherman would throw back and rejoice that it has life in it because life itself is divine.

After reading this book – and I have never met this woman and would be frightened to do so – I find myself believing that she in her cheap sari must be the most holy, the most honest, the most real hippie in the world. (Is that the accepted word still?) She really makes love work. She clips the nails of the disgusting. She and hers wipe the incontinent orifices of the nearly dead. She and hers hold their hands while they go. She is almost content to do no more than make them feel wanted. And she has made love sing a practical song in the midst of what we prefer to neglect. This is a genuinely revolutionary book and it is not quite safe though in good hands.

Patrick O'Donovan

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A Lesson Not Learned

Tet!

by Don Oberdorfer

(Doubleday; \$7.95)

America's reaction to the Tet Offensive of 1968 was the despair of the die-hard supporters of the Vietnam War. Lyndon Johnson, Walt Rostow, Maxwell Taylor, William Westmoreland, Ellsworth Bunker, William Bundy and Ulysses S. Grant Sharp deeply believed the official story that Rostow wrote out and Johnson read to a press conference – that the Communist attacks on the US embassy and most cities and military installations in South Vietnam came as no surprise and were a complete military failure for the other side.

They and their Republican successors, moreover, have been disappointed that the mass graves found later at Hue have not been taken as sure proof by all Americans that victory by the Vietnamese Communists will most certainly mean a bloodbath proportionately like Hitler's extermination of millions of Jews.

The public perception of the only really memorable battle out of the thousands that have made up the Vietnam War has been almost the opposite. The livingroom television spectacle of a pitched battle for control of the embassy compound, cities and towns and military posts in ruins and a 24-day fight in the heart of Hue seemed to mean a stunning military achievement by an enemy that in previous weeks had been written off as weakened, demoralized and near the point of collapse.

As for what happened in Hue, initial reports seemed to indicate that the victims were killed in the heat of battle by retreating Communist forces (later reports force Oberdorfer to conclude that the 2800 victims represented "for the most part a deliberate slaughter, ordered from on high"). The immediate upshot was that Tet, as the entire episode now is called, seemed to prove that Johnson and his administration had been systematically misleading the American people and that the war was a hopeless stalemate nowhere near worth its cost in casualties and money. Many Americans developed respect and sympathy for the courage and stamina

of the Communist side. Some came to believe that the United States had been on the wrong side of the struggle all along. More than any other single factor, Tet doomed the Johnson administration and marked the beginning of the end of the war.

Don Oberdorfer brought special qualifications to the task of putting the whole Tet story together. At 40, he is already a veteran reporter of the war, having covered it since 1965 for the Knight Newspapers and now for *The Washington Post*. He has a nice sense of reportorial independence, of US officialdom, of his colleagues who sometimes travel in packs, and of his own preconceived notions. And, not the least, once he has his facts he can spin a good yarn.

This yarn starts right off with the fighting at the Embassy, the supposedly impregnable walled compound built after Viet Cong bombers wrecked the old building in broad daylight. Oberdorfer tells how a sapper team blew a hole in the wall and how skirmishers took over the garden and overran an outbuilding but, apparently lacking further orders, did not enter the chancery building itself where a lone Marine guard crouched in the lobby behind teakwood doors and grabbed at the telephone whenever it rang lest the bell alert the commandos outside. One of the calls was from General Westmoreland's aide, who asked chidingly, "You're not scared or anything, are you, Sergeant?"

As the offensive unfolds, Oberdorfer tells the story from all sides. Captured documents and interviews with high ranking Vietcong captives have produced an account of Communist hopes and plans and doubts as the leaders held out a prospect of a great General Offensive and General Uprising that would mean a sudden take-over of most of the country. Back in the United States, Walter Cronkite could have been speaking for most Americans when first reports of the offensive came over the CBS teletypes. "What

the hell is going on?" he asked. "I thought we were winning the war." And as Johnson tried to crank up a publicity campaign to offset the shocked reaction, a still picture and then TV film were being rushed home to show the Vietnamese national chief of police shooting a bound and beaten prisoner in the head on the street in Saigon. Then there were the false reports that Communist suicide squads had occupied part of the chancery building and were being rooted out floor by floor. Later, there were daily reports in newspapers and on television of the continuing battle for Hue, the sporadic skirmishing in Saigon and visits to wrecked cities and towns throughout the country. Obliging U.S. military press officers transported reporters to view the damage, and the result was a new rash of stories about ruin and slaughter.

Who won? Oberdorfer concludes that nobody did. "Everybody lost. The North Vietnamese and Viet Cong lost a battle. The United States Government lost something even more important—the confidence of its people at home."

The Vietcong, who did most of the fighting and dying, lost the best of their guerrilla fighters and suffered a severe blow to their authority because the people of the cities did not rise up against "the foreigners and puppets." The South Vietnamese army faltered but did not fold.

But for the United States, he says, Tet provided a rationale for turning around rather than going ever deeper into an unpopular war. The people "made up their minds about the war at Tet, and they communicated their views forcefully to those in high public office."

It was in the aftermath of Tet that a U.S. major made one of the most damning statements of the war. At the shattered Mekong delta city of Ben Tre, the officer told touring newsmen, "It became necessary to destroy the town to save it."

Oberdorfer juxtaposes that capsule summary of much American strategy with a quotation from a captured field order to Vietcong forces in the same

area at the same time: "In attacking the enemy, we are required to respect the lives and property of the people, not to fire freely, and not to exploit the people's goodness in any way." The VC dictum does not always coincide with practice, notably at Hue, but it gives a clue as to why the other side

sometimes has moved like fish swimming in a friendly sea. As for the US, has a lesson been learned? Probably not. The US Command ordered an investigation in Ben Tre—"not to learn what happened to the town or whether the quotation was true, but to discover who had said it."

Richard Dudman

Millerite

Hot Springs: The True Adventures of the First New York Jewish Literary Intellectual in the Human Potential Movement

by Stuart Miller

(Viking; \$7.95)

If modern American literature begins with a book called *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, then American literature in general starts with *The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, and both novels have a common origin in the Puritan version of auricular confession, Spiritual Autobiography, or, "How I Blah, Blah, Blah, And Found God." From its most remote beginnings, American literature has been evangelical and autobiographical, reflecting its Puritan heritage: *The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin* ("How I Went to Philadelphia and Found God"), *Two Years Before the Mast* ("How I Went to Sea and Found God"), *Walden* ("How I Squatted on Emerson's Land and Found God"), *The Oregon Trail* ("How I Went West and Found God"), *The Education of Henry Adams* ("How I Went to the World's Fair and Found God"), are but the foremost documents of spiritual denouements, all hewing close to the traditional line.

We could also add a list of novels which take their shape from the autobiographical impulse, whether directly, through the use of first-person narration, or indirectly, as in the "psychological" novels of Henry James and his posterity. The emphasis in all these books is on transformation, awakening, the sloughing off of a former (stupid, blind, selfish) identity, the discovery of a new, true (perceptive, generous, open) self. Travel is often involved,

removal from former locations, a symbolic *rite de passage*, a voyage to an equally symbolic Philadelphia, "City of Brotherly Love." Ishmael and his sperm-tubs, hey?

All of which goes to prove that Stuart Miller's *Hot Springs* springs hotly from the American vein, in a gush of red-blooded zeal. Though it has subtitle (as opposed to subtlety) enough, let us call it "Or How I Went to Esalen and Found God"), i.e., "Myself." "Other," in American spiritual autobiography as Melville was at points to pain out, turns out usually to be "Self." If Thoreau was able to peer down into the magical glass of Walden Pond, he did so through his own Narcissus-like image thrown upon the Water. Autobiography is not Memoir, and is less a record than a celebration of Self. From the earliest Puritan writers on down, American autobiographs have been autoerotics as well, in love with the mystery of *me*, in search of the lowest common denominator in the sum Ego. Like Yankee carvers they have attempted to release an image from a pine log, an ideal self concealed in the bulk of sheer identity, and in many cases the results were equally wooden. Only the products of the Olympian woodcarvers survive, for the transcendent autobiographer has the Apollonian gift, the talent for shaping a whole schtick into a squirming, pulsating staff of life, which leaves us with something very much like a snake on our hands, the magical, mystical

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caduceus of Hermes. If a number of Great American Novels borrow from the techniques of autobiography, so a number of Great American Autobiographies steal from the novelist's hermetical bag of tricks. The result is a mysterious quality, a magical tour de force, and so far as this reviewer is concerned, *Hot Springs* has it.

Any way you wish to read him, Stuart Miller is autoerotic, self-love held in the hot hand of self-abuse, with his other hand on the wheel of a hot Corvette, his alter ego and his ego altar, for Stuart Miller is the product of Detroit human engineering. He sleeps with many women, but he always returns to his Corvette, and his Corvette always returns him to Esalen, and to Himself. Like Woodstock, Esalen is What Happened in the Sixties, a sort of Brook Farm to Woodstock's Stockbridge. I lately reviewed in these pages William Thompson's *Edge of History*, which begins a quest into the Past with an initial, symbolic voyage to Esalen, which is the essence of the California spirit, perched like a figurehead on a bowsprit of land thrust into the vast ocean of the Far West, which is the East. There is an "East" struggling to be released from "Esalen," and an "Eden" as well, and at the very heart of the word lurks a "sale," for Esalen is many things to many people (like my Father's mansion, it has many rooms), but it is surely packaged, instant salvation for the vast majority who pilgrimage there, the hordes of anonymous pseudo-this-and-thats who make the Institute a going (paying) concern. In time, it might be useful to gather an anthology of the records of these many pilgrimages, to see what image they yield. Is Esalen a grand omphalos, a center of wholeness, of life and spirit, or is it merely a holleness, a void, the sort of vortex that Melville's transcendental masthead sitters are apt to take a tumble into? The accounts of both Thompson and Miller contain both possibilities, for both are equally inconclusive, the one having spent a few days there, the other about five years, commencing with the year of groping with himself which *Hot Springs* records.

Indeed, it is this very lack of certainty which saves *Hot Springs* from being another salvational schuck. The dust-jacket tells us that Miller is now Director of Development of the Esalen Institute and editor as well of the Esalen Publishing Program (of which this is the first fruit), which is like dragging a week-old dead rat across the path of the reader. One moves warily into the

narrative, expecting a hard sale, a pitch, a proposition, a touch of the hand on the thigh. Well, Miller's hands rest on many thighs (does "Hot Springs" refer to his bed or his bath? or both?), but what he is selling is not Esalen, but Miller himself, who turns out to be less a gay blade than a whole Swiss Army Knife full of sharp, screwy, smooth, and spoony identities, all of which he tries out on himself, on his various encounters (I mean individuals as well as groups), on the reader, and when we leave him, he seems to be pulling yet another identity out of his vasty kit of tools. Miller is no ordinary pilgrim, no garden-variety tourist, but a Canterbury basketful, and, like Melville's Confidence-Man, he runs through a dazzling repertoire, leaving us wondering whether he is a knave or a fool, a saint or a devil.

Miller comes on like a knave, plays the part of a fool, has the tenacity of a saint, and writes like the very devil. His only other book (advertised twice within) is a study of picaresque fiction, a scholarly exercise and not exactly the kind of thing to hone one's pen on, and yet the quality of style (literary not life, though one absorbs vitality from the other) is nothing if not masterful. Amidst the sale-lots of shoddy merchandise that passes for literature in the marketplace today, Miller's goods shine like a wayward bit of silk, albeit displayed by yanking a shirt-tail through an open fly for the benefit of a startled customer: "How's *that* for quality goods?" For Miller's exposure to picaresque literature has obviously had its effect on his sense of form and technique, or perhaps it was his inner compulsions which led him to picaresque

fiction in the first place. Well, the man is the spirit is the word, and it is a gleaming, shimmering, fluid, slippery word, silvery like those fish in Ez's net of cadences.

In turn arrogant, obsequious, triumphant, depressed, Miller plays Childe Harold, Werther, Teufelsdröckh, Casanova, Christ, moving in stages from the Everlasting No to the Center of Indifference to the Everlasting Yea of Spiritual Autobiography, and when last we see him, he seems about to resartorize himself once again. The threads in the various costumes, despite the gossamer sheen of style, do occasionally show their stitches, for Miller as Tailor as Man of Parts sometimes assumes postures that put a strain on the fabric. Also, the progress at times seems too neat, too tidy, and one suspects that despite the Rousseauistic baring of chest some parts of the social if not psychic anatomy remain concealed. Finally, as with Chaucer's Stuart Miller's Tale tells us more perhaps about the narrator than he suspects. Of Miller Before, During, and After we hear much. Of Others: mostly names, names with fat bodies, names with bugging eyes, names with skinny bodies, old bodies, but mostly names.

Well, perhaps it is in the spirit of things that the reader is left suspecting that the masturbatory emphasis may be more a clever slight of hand than raw revelation, that the repetitive "I, I, I, I, I, I," is at once a wail and an exultation and the eye of Satan besides. For who is Childe Harold, Werther, and the rest of Miller's cast of picaresque saints but versions of the Wandering Jew, he who came to revile and left the reviled, the pariah, the picaro, at once damned and redeemed forever. Amen.

John Seelye

Galbraith Revising Galbraith

The New Industrial State by John Kenneth Galbraith

(Houghton Mifflin; \$8.95)

Galbraith's first major work, *American Capitalism: the Concept of Countervailing Power*, which appeared in 1952, was drastically — though tacitly — qualified six years later by *The Affluent*

Society, and both are in significant respects repudiated by *The New Industrial State* (first published in 1967; now revised). The thesis of the first of these was that even though the New

Deal had failed to impose either strong regulatory or antitrust restraints on the great corporations, there was no need for concern; their power, Galbraith said, was offset by "countervailing" centers of power held by their equally well-organized customers and suppliers, whether the latter were unionized workers, agricultural cooperatives, or simply other oligopolies. Therefore, each industry's monopoly profits would be bargained away while goods were in the process of being produced and distributed and before reaching the consumer.

This reassuring message, well-tailored to the complacency of the early Eisenhower years, was almost wholly wrong. GM may bargain hard when shopping at US Steel; the result, however, is not lower auto prices but higher GM dividends, profits and salaries. If big retailers like Sears do seem to pass on the cost-savings won by their buying power, it is only because they are obliged to do so by competition, which Galbraith has always been at pains to deride.

In due course Galbraith recanted his initial optimistic account of the effects of corporate power and in *The Affluent Society* counseled that corporate propaganda for private consumption diverted society's attention from other economic needs such as education, health, and transportation—all of them essential for the corporate system itself and its affluent middle-class clientele. To counter these distortive pressures, Galbraith recommended more government spending. Liberal opinion, several powerful lobbies, and the Kennedy and Johnson administrations concurred.

But the Great Society turned out to be almost as unsatisfactory as the Affluent Society of the fifties. In 1967 Galbraith was ready with *The New Industrial State* to explain why. Corporate power had not, after all, been offset by big government. Indeed, activist stabilization policies, federal aid to higher education, and other measures which Galbraith and his colleagues had fought for (against, it was often believed at the time, the opposition of business) turned out to provide vital services to the new, "mature" corporate bureaucracies; viewed from this perspective, they became part of a piece with the even more vital services provided by the space and defense programs to the aerospace, electronics, weapons, and allied

industries. "The state as here envisaged," Galbraith conceded in a more recent essay expanding on the central themes of the book, "comes close to being the executive committee of the large producing organization—of the technostructure." This picture of modern society is quite different—and far more grim—than that of 1952 or even 1958.

What gives rise to question in Galbraith's most recent work is not that his views have changed, but that his revision of old verities appears to have reached an abrupt and illogical halt. Despite his new-found suspicion of the modern state, Galbraith still seems to stand four-square with the New Deal statist tradition, and against the grain of the decentralist emphasis which Ralph Nader and others have more recently advanced. They have tended to look toward antitrust action to break up monopolistic and oligopolistic combines, to active judicial restraints on both private and public bureaucratic power, and even to deregulation and an enlarged role for the private market.

The New Industrial State, however, affirms Galbraith's distaste for antitrust, which he calls "obscurantist." He comes close to saying that everything from computers to corn flakes is produced with maximum efficiency under conditions of tight oligopoly—where four or fewer huge firms, each selling perhaps \$1 billion per year, dominate the market.

More remarkable than his support for corporate giantism is his loyalty to big government. "The Democratic Party," he has said recently, "must henceforth use the word socialism, it describes what is needed"—needed to lift urban and interurban transportation and housing, among other things, from their present squalid state. His suggestion for a "consolidated regulatory body for all regulated industries" is similar; it is based on the principle that "it takes a large public bureaucracy to police powerful private bureaucracy."

Such sentiments seem to me remarkable, given the anatomy of power sketched in *The New Industrial State*. If business has captured the state and turned it into an executive committee to serve its needs, why will not the same fate befall all the agencies which Professor Galbraith would like to build? The difficulty is not merely theoretical. There are few better examples of industries with a track record of controlling their regulators than those for which he dreams of streamlined socialist

solutions. What, after all, are the precedents he has in mind—the ICC? the CAB? FHA? the Port of New York Authority?

The problem is not much different in the case of wage and price controls. Given business and labor influence within the federal government, why should their power to extort excessive prices from the public diminish or disappear just because the formal locus of wage and price decisions shifts from board rooms and collective bargaining sessions to the Executive Office Building? In the short run, when business, labor, and the public want to stop inflation, controls can work. In the long run, it seems difficult to dismiss, as Galbraith does, the case for using antitrust laws against strategic bastions of market power, as part of any program to reduce fundamental inflationary pressures.

If the new edition has not come to terms with its predecessor's schizophrenia about the beneficence of state power, a more unfortunate default is the author's refusal to qualify his assertion that the composition of consumer demand is dictated by business needs, not consumer wants. Some critics have charged that this dogmatism is mainly a slick cover for his own class prejudices against middle-class tastes. The charge is correct. He revealed his feelings on the matter two decades ago in *American*

The Accident

The poem walks through a drizzle
wearing overalls. It loads

big Nouns in a pickup truck
climbs in the cab, guns the

motor and is off, knuckles white,
peering at silence among trees

past smoking fields blue meadows
over bridges of electric air

to unmarked crossings where the long
trains of the past come through

with the momentum of all their stations
and the truck must be hit

exploding in every direction
while the poem somehow survives

in the circle of wreckage and rain
where the X has begun to spin.

DAVID P. YOUNG

COMING:

Herbert Muller discusses Lewis Mumford's *Culture of Cities* in our new "Reconsiderations" series.

Capitalism, when he attacked the "Unseemly Economics of Opulence," and told economists to stop worrying "about partially monopolized prices or excessive advertising and selling costs for tobacco, liquor, chocolates, automobiles and soap in a land which is already suffering from nicotine poisoning and alcoholism, which is nutritionally gorged with sugar, which is filling its hospitals and cemeteries with those who

have been maimed or murdered on its highways and which is dangerously neurotic about normal body odors." Then Galbraith was saying, "If that's what the people want, well let the fools go ahead and pay a little extra for it." Now he blames it all on Madison Avenue and says that the people do not really "want" these vulgar things, after all.

Simon Lazarus

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Robert J. Myers,
Publisher

Kauffmann, from page 18

cept the central matter: self, being, style. I still don't know much more about him from his work than that he loves films and can make them. But who is he? That's a question which all really good directors answer about themselves, sooner rather than later. Bogdanovich's answer is yet to come.

Sacco and Vanzetti, which recreates the historic case, was made by an Italian director, Giuliano Montaldo, in various foreign locations. English dialogue. The topicality is obvious - the trumped-up persecution of radicals - and Ricardo Cucciolla is good as Sacco. But the effect is rather weak, even though (checking against Felix Frankfurter's book) the facts seem generally accurate.

The look of the film is always faintly wrong, as in most foreign productions of American plays, and a lot of it is stiffly done, sometimes a bit funny. Cyril Cusack, that fine Irish actor, plays a prosecutor named Katzman! Probably it was remiss of the US not to have made its own film on this subject. (There were two plays about it, by Maxwell Anderson, one of which, *Winterset*, was filmed in 1936.) But that doesn't help the weak validity of this film for us, or its clumsiness in general.

Readers in Rhode Island and Kentucky inform me that I was wrong to include the *Providence Journal* and *Bulletin* and the *Louisville Courier-Journal* and *Times* in a list, four weeks ago, of newspapers refusing to advertise *Carnal Knowledge*. In my perdurable innocence, I relied on a report in *Variety*. Now I have to hope that at least the rest of the list was right. Anyway, apologies to the *Providence* and *Louisville* papers from me and, I should think, from *Variety*.

Teachers

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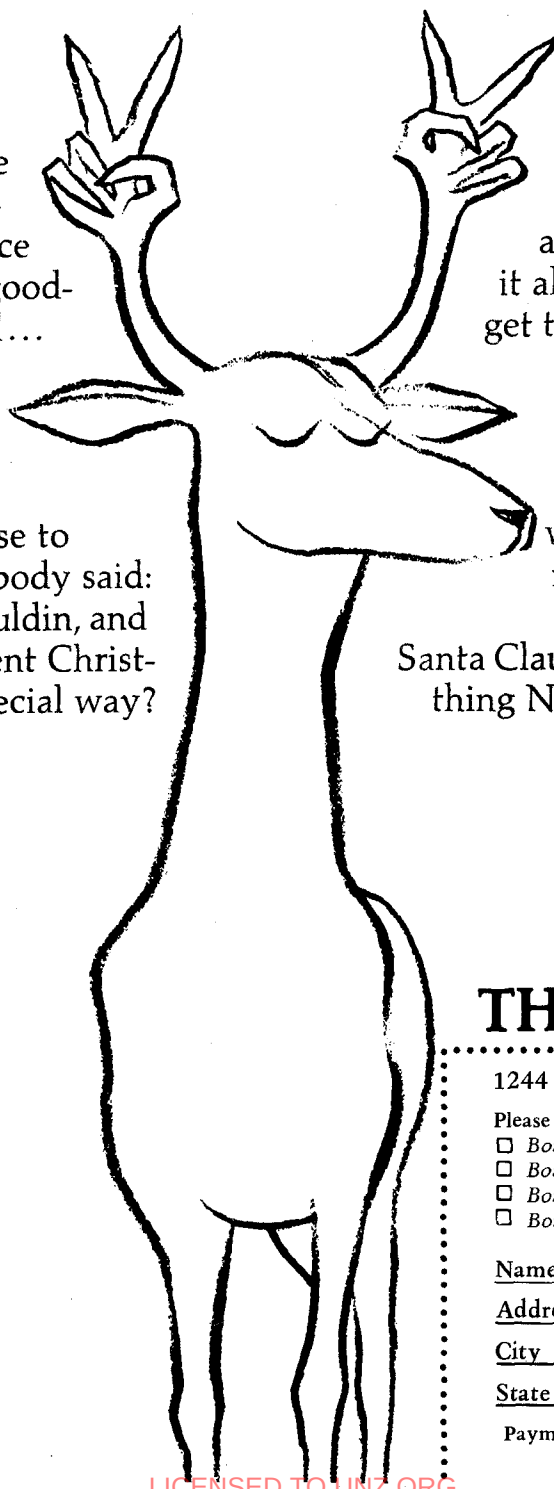
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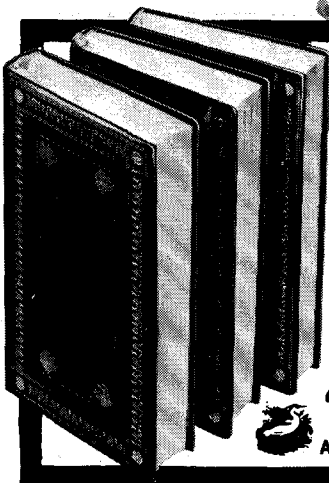
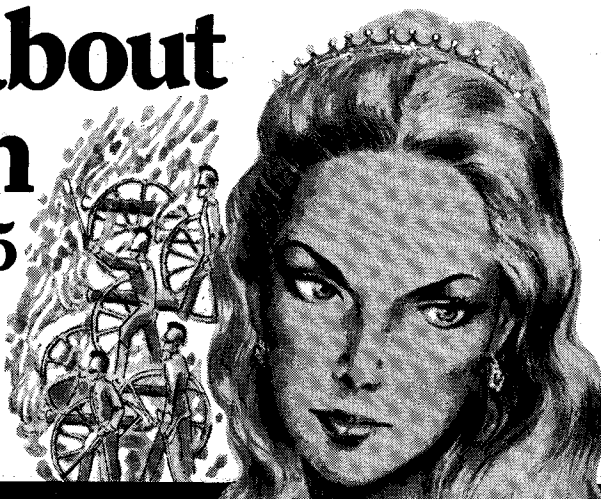
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